OVID's EPISTLES,

TRANSLATED BY SEVERAL HANDS.

Ex Libris Richardson

The fourth Edition.

With the Addition of three Epistles of *AULUS SABINUS*, in Answer to as many of *OVID*.

Adorn'd with several Cuts.

Vel tibi compositâ cantetur Epistola voce?
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. Ovid.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the Judges-Head in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street*.
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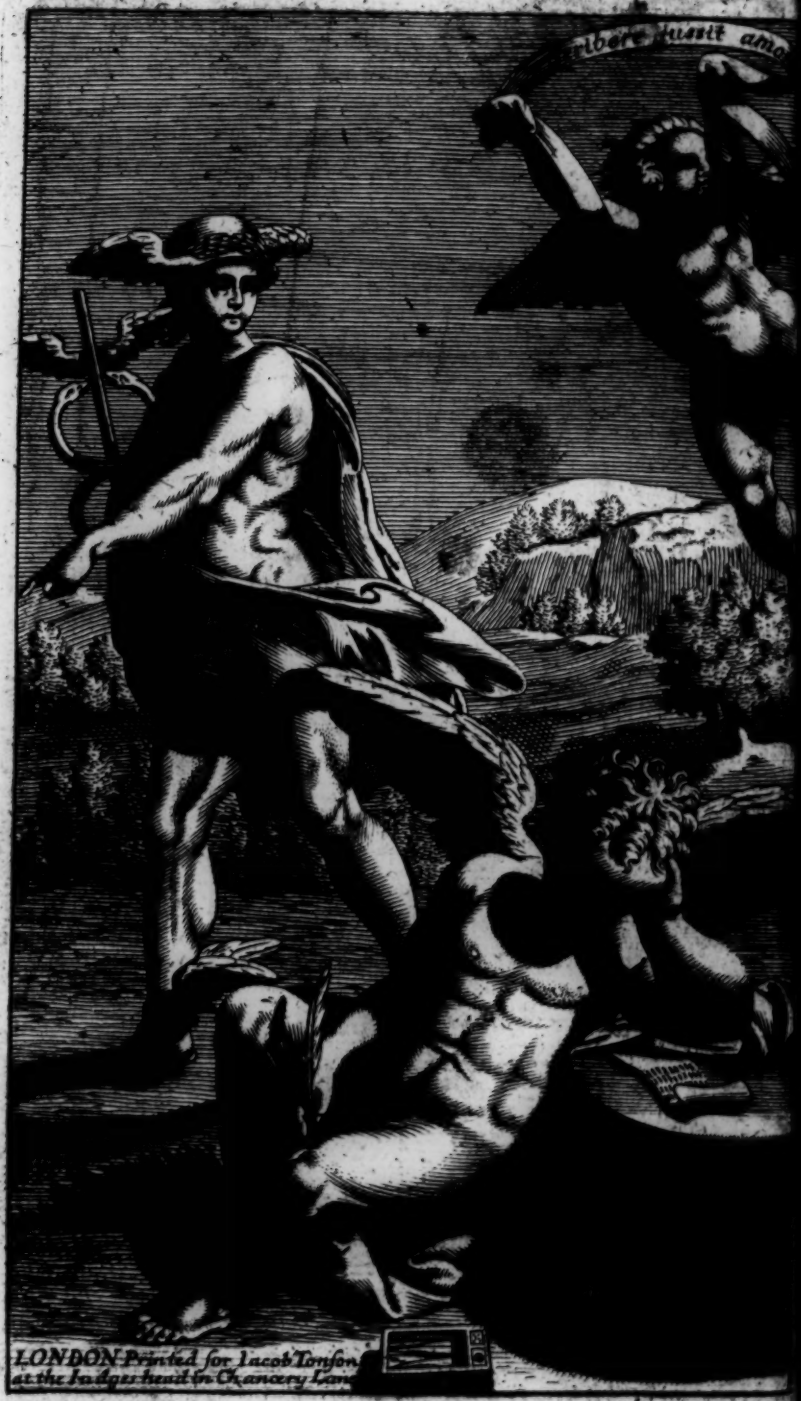
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30
AUG

THE PREFACE BY Mr. DRYDEN.

THE *Life of* Ovid *being already written in our language before the Tranſlation of his* Metamorphoſes, *I will not preſume ſo far upon my ſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr.* Sandys *his undertaking. The* Engliſh *Reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſh'd in the Reign of* Auguſtus Cæſar, *that he was Extracted from an Ancient Family of* Roman *Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune, that he was deſign'd to the Study of the Law; and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that Profeſſion, for this of* Poetry, *to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cauſe of his Baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the Emperour, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon, than what was pretended by* Auguſtus, *which was the Laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true they are not to be Ex-*

cus'd in the ſeverity of Manners, as being able to Corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of Rome; *yet this may be ſaid in behalf of* Ovid, *that no man has ever treated the Paſſion of Love with ſo much Delicacy of thought, and of Expreſſion, or ſearch'd into the nature of it more Philoſophically than he. And the Emperour who condemn'd him, had as little reaſon as another Man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the Author of a certain* Epigram, *which is aſcrib'd to him, relating to the Cauſe of the firſt Civil War betwixt himſelf and* Mark Anthony *the Triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his Expreſſions to* Horace, *which are cited in that Authors Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking* Livia *to his Bed, when ſhe was not only Married, but with Child by her Husband, then living. But Deeds, it ſeems, may be Juſtified by Arbitrary Power, when words are queſtion'd in a Poet. There is another gueſs of the* Grammarians, *as far from truth as the firſt from Reaſon; they will have him Baniſh'd for ſome favours, which they ſay he receiv'd from* Julia, *the Daughter of* Auguſtus, *whom they think he Celebrates under the Name of* Corinna *in his* Elegies: *But he who will obſerve the Verſes which are made to that Miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that* Corinna *was not a Woman of the higheſt Quality: If* Julia *were then Married to* Agrippa, *why ſhould our Poet make his Petition to* Iſis, *for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards, Condole her Miſcarriage;*

carriage; which for ought he knew might be by her own Husband? Or indeed how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a Crime, which was no leſs than Capital, eſpecially Committed againſt a Perſon of Agrippa's *Rank? Or if it were before her Marriage, he would ſurely have been more diſcreet, than to have publiſh'd an Accident, which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt Confirms me againſt this Opinion is, that* Ovid *himſelf complains that the true Perſon of* Corinna *was found out by the Fame of his Verſes to her: which if it had been* Julia, *he durſt not have own'd; and beſides, an immediate puniſhment muſt have follow'd. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touch'd at the Cauſe of his Exile in thoſe obſcure Verſes,*

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was Conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procur'd him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied that this was the Inceſt of the Emperour with his own Daughter: For Auguſtus *was of a nature too vindicative to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a Revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple Baniſhment, and would certainly have ſecur'd his Crimes from publick notice by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have Hiſtories given us any ſight into ſuch an Action of this Emperour: nor would he (the greateſt Politician of his time) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with ſo little ſecreſie, as not to ſhun the Obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable that* Ovid *was either the Confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by*

ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, *and ſeen her in a Bath: For the words*

Sine veſte Dianam,

agree beter with Livia *who had the Fame of Chaſtity, than with either of the* Julia's, *who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt Verſes which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publickly, according to the Cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to* Corinna: *his Baniſhment happen'd not till the age of fifty from which it may be deduc'd, with probability enough, that the love of* Corinna *did not occaſion it: Nay he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of Errour only, not of wickedneſs: and in the ſame Paper of Verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at* Rome, *though it be left ſo obſcure to after ages.*

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject ſo incertain, and to write ſomewhat more Authentick of this Poet: That he frequented the Court of Auguſtus, *and was well receiv'd in it, is moſt undoubted: all his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written as the* French *call it* Cavalierement: *add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Baniſhment, are addreſs'd to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that Court.*

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his age, than with the Noble-men and Ladies; he tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own Life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, *and many others of them were his familiar Friends, and that ſome of them communicated their Writings*

to him: but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of Nature be the business of a Poet, I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers: for all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges when we are concern'd in the representation of them: Now I will appeal to any man who has read this Poet, whether he find not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd persons? his thoughts which are the Pictures and results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his persons speak more Eloquently than the violence of their Passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season: leaving the imitation of Nature, and the cooler dictates of his Judgment, for the false applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain that his Metamorphoses *was left unfinish'd? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrench'd; which I suppose would have been the business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledg'd in spight of his* Dutch *Friends, the Commentators, even*

of Julius Scaliger *himſelf, that* Seneca's *Cenſure will ſtand good againſt him;*

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere.

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well: but continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his Readers inſtead of ſatisfying them: and gives occaſion to his Tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their Father. This then is the Allay of Ovid's *writing, which is ſufficiently recompenc'd by his other Excellencies; nay this very fault is not without its Beauties: for the moſt ſevere Cenſor cannot but be pleas'd with the prodigality of his Wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſh'd, that the Maſter of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him, and if ſometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the ſtay'dneſs and ſobriety of Age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, 'tis certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried; for if his Elegies be compar'd with thoſe of* Tibullus, *and* Propertius *his Contemporaries, it will be found that thoſe Poets ſeldom deſign'd before they writ; And though the Language of* Tibullus *be more poliſh'd, and the Learning of* Propertius, *eſpecially in his Fourth Book, more ſet out to oſtentation: Yet their common practice, was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one Subject to another,*

and

and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpuerus late qui ſplendeat; unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus: *As* Horace *ſays, though the Verſes are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But Our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; ſome Beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct it to his end. This will be Evident to Judicious Readers in this work of his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.*

The Title of them in our late Editions is Epiſtolæ Heroidum, *The Letters of the* Heroines. *But* Heinſius *has judg'd more truly, that the* Inſcription *of our Author was barely,* Epiſtles; *which he concludes from his cited Verſes, where* Ovid *aſſerts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the* Greeks, *whom (as the Maſters of their Learning,) the* Romans *uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the* Grecians *ever touch'd upon this way, which our Poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word* Heroidum, *becauſe 'tis us'd by* Ovid *in his Art of Love*:

Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex *Heroidas* ibat.

But ſure he cou'd not be guilty of ſuch an over-ſight, to call his Work by the Name of Heroines, *when there are divers men or* Heroes, *as namely* Paris, Leander, *and* Acontius, *joyn'd in it. Except* Sabinus, *who writ ſome Anſwers to* Ovids *Letters.*

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus,)

I remember not any of the Romans *who have treated this Subject, ſave only* Propertius, *and that but once, in his Epiſtle of* Arethuſa *to* Lycotas, *which* is *written ſo near the Style of* Ovid, *that it ſeems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.*

Concerning this work of the Epiſtles, I ſhall content my ſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars. Firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect piece of Ovid, *and that the Style of them is tenderly Paſſionate and Courtly; two properties well agreeing with the Perſons which were* Heroines, *and* Lovers. *Yet where the Characters were lower, as in* OEnone, *and* Hero, *he has kept cloſe to Nature in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though perhaps he has Romaniz'd his* Grecian *Dames too much, and made them ſpeak ſometimes as if they had been born in the City of* Rome, *and under the Empire of* Auguſtus. *There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular Subjects which he has choſen; Moſt of the Epiſtles being written from Ladies who were forſaken by their Lovers: Which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous Expreſſions go no further than vertue may allow, and therefore may be read as he intended them, by Matrons without a bluſh.*

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find tranſlated

tranſlated by divers hands, that you may at leaſt have that variety in the Engliſh, *which the Subject denied to the Author of the* Latine. *It remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of Poetical Tranſlations in general, and give my Opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better Judgments) which way of Verſion ſeems to me moſt proper.*

All Tranſlation I ſuppoſe may be reduced to theſe three heads:

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace *his Art of Poetry tranſlated by* Ben. Johnſon. *The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or Tranſlation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in view by the Tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly follow'd as his ſenſe, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr.* Wallers *Tranſlation of* Virgil's *Fourth* Æneid. *The Third way is that of Imitation, where the Tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that Name) aſſumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion: and taking only ſome general hints from the Original, to run diviſion on the Ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr.* Cowley's *practice in turning two Odes of* Pindar, *and one of* Horace *into* Engliſh.

Concerning the Firſt of theſe Methods, our Maſter Horace *has given us this Caution,*

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres——

Nor

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate. *As the Earl of* Roſcommon *has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a faith like that which proceeds from Superſtition, blind and zealous: Take it in the Expreſſion of Sir* John Denham, *to Sir* Rich. Fanſhaw, *on his Verſion of the Paſtor* Fido.

That ſervile path, thou nobly do'ſt decline,
Of tracing Word by Word and Line by Line;
A new and nobler way thou do'ſt purſue,
To make Tranſlations, and Tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the Aſhes, thou the Flame,
True to his Senſe, but truer to his Fame.

'Tis almoſt impoſſible to Tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time; for the Latin, (a moſt Severe and Compendious Language) often expreſſes that in one word, which either the Barbarity, or the narrowneſs of modern Tongues cannot ſupply in more. 'Tis frequent alſo that the Conceit is couch'd in ſome Expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

Atque iidem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought Literally in Engliſh, *and to ſtrike Wit or almoſt Senſe out of it?*

In ſhort the Verbal Copier is incumber'd with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider at the ſame time the thought of his Author, and his words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And beſides this he is to confine himſelf to the compaſs of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like

dancing

dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A man may ſhun a fall by uſing Caution, but the gracefulneſs of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have ſaid the beſt of it, 'tis but a fooliſh Task; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the Applauſe of ſcaping without breaking his Neck. We ſee Ben. Johnſon *could not avoid obſcurity in his literal Tranſlation of* Horace, *attempted in the ſame compaſs of Lines: nay* Horace *himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek Poet.*

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio.

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace *has indeed avoided both theſe Rocks in his Tranſlation of the three firſt Lines of* Homers Odyſſes, *which he has Contracted into two.*

Dic mihi Muſa Virum captæ poſt tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who ſince the Siege of *Troy*, So many Towns, ſuch Change of Manners ſaw. } *Earl of* Roſc.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, *which are a Conſiderable part of that Sentence are omitted.*

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη]

The Conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal Tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our Famous Wits, Sir John Denham, *and Mr.* Cowley *to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd by the latter of them,* Imitation. *As they were Friends, I ſuppoſe they Communicated their thoughts on this Subject to each other, and therefore their reaſons for it are little different: though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take Imi-*

tation

tation of an Author in their ſenſe to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame Subject: that is, not to tranſlate his Words, or to be Confin'd to his Senſe, but only to ſet him as a Pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendring Authors (as Mr. Cowley *calls it) ſo far as my Definition reaches. For in the* Pindarick Odes, *the Cuſtoms and Ceremonies of Antient* Greece *are ſtill preſerv'd: but I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the Example of ſuch an innovation, when Writers of unequal parts to him, ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking; to add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr.* Cowley, *and that too only in his Tranſlation of* Pindar, *becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, when ever he refus'd his Authors thoughts.* Pindar *is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our underſtanding) to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze: So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be tranſlated literally, his Genius is too ſtrong to bear a Chain, and* Sampſon *like he ſhakes it off: A Genius ſo elevated and unconfin'd as Mr.* Cowley's, *was but neceſſary to make* Pindar *ſpeak* Engliſh, *and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if* Virgil, *or* Ovid, *or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their work,*

when

when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the Original: but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produc'd, which is almoſt the Creation of another hand. By this way 'tis true, ſomewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the firſt deſign, though Virgil *muſt be ſtill excepted, when that perhaps takes place: Yet he who is inquiſitive to know an Authors thoughts will be diſappointed in his expectation. And 'tis not always that a man will be contented to have a Preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a Debt. To ſtate it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the moſt advantagious way for a Tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the dead. Sir* John Denham *(who adviſ'd more Liberty than he took himſelf,) gives this Reaſon for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Tranſlation of the ſecond* Æneid. Poetry is of ſo ſubtil a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum. I confeſs this Argument holds good againſt a literal Tranſlation, but who defends it? Imitation and verbal Verſion are in my opinion the two extreams, which ought to be avoided: and therefore when I have propos'd the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his Argument will reach.*

No man is capable of tranſlating Poetry, who beſides a Genius to that Art, is not a Maſter both of his Authors Language, and of his own: Nor muſt we underſtand

derſtand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of Thoughts, and of Expreſſion, which are the Characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our ſelves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like Care muſt be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words; when they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the Author that they ſhould be chang'd: But ſince every Language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay ſometimes Nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a Tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his Author's Words: 'tis enough if he chuſe out ſome Expreſſion which does not vitiate the Senſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his Chain to ſuch a Latitude, but by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not loſt: and thus 'tis plain, that the reaſon alledged by Sir John Denham, *has no farther force than to Expreſſion: For thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another Language, but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the Image and Ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and rob it of its native Luſtre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allowed for the Expreſſion, neither is it neceſſary that Words and Lines ſhould be confin'd to the meaſure of*

their

their Original. The ſenſe of an Author, generally ſpeaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of Ovid *be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be ſo, and if I retrench it, he is no longer* Ovid. *It will be replied that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous Branches, but I rejoyn that a Tranſlator has no ſuch Right: when a* Painter *Copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no priviledge to alter Features, and Lineaments, under pretence that his Picture will look better: perhaps the Face which he has drawn would be more Exact, if the Eyes, or Noſe were alter'd, but 'tis his buſineſs to make it reſemble the Original. In two Caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe, that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt; But the ſame Anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be Tranſlated.*

——Et quæ
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject againſt the Authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the praiſe of a Tranſlation conſiſts in adding new Beauties to the piece, thereby to recompence the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of Language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it ſeems to me, that the true reaſon why we have ſo few Verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the Authors Senſe; but becauſe there are ſo few who have all the Talents

which

which are requisite for Translation: and that there is so little Praise and so small Encouragement for so considerable a part of Learning.

To apply in short, what has been said to this present Work, the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with some little Latitude or varation from the Author's Sense: That of OEnone *to* Paris, *is in Mr.* Cowley's *way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author who is of the* Fair Sex, *understood not* Latine. *But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be asham'd who do.*

For my own part I am ready to acknowledge that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given; and taken more liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen whose Wit and Learning are well known, being joyn'd in it, I doubt not but that their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errours.

30 AUG 60

SAPHO

Sapho to Phaon.

SAPHO to PHAON:

By the Honourable

Sir *CARR. SCROPE,*

BARONET.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poeteſs Sapho, *forſaken by her Lover* Phaon (*who was gone from* Lesbos *to* Sicily) *and reſolved, in Deſpair, to drown her ſelf, writes this Letter to him before ſhe dies.*

WHile *Phaon* to the flaming *Ætna* flies,
Conſum'd, with no leſs Fires, poor *Sapho* dies.
I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of Corn,
When by the driving Winds the flames are born.
My Muſe and Lute can now no longer pleaſe,
They are th' Employments of a mind at eaſe.

Wandring from thought to thought I ſit alone
All day, and my once dear Companions ſhun.
In vain the *Lesbian* Maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone haſt ta'ne up all the heart.
Ah lovely Youth! how canſt thou cruel prove,
When blooming years and beauty bid thee love?
If none but equal Charms thy heart can bind,
Then to thy ſelf alone thou muſt be kind.
Yet worthleſs as I am, there was a time
When *Phaon* thought me worthy his eſteem.
A thouſand tender things to mind I call,
For they who truly love remember all.
Delighted with the Muſick of my Tongue,
Upon my words with ſilent joy he hung,
And ſnatching Kiſſes, ſtopp'd me as I ſung.
Kiſſes, whoſe melting touch, his Soul did move,
The earneſt of the coming joys of Love.
Then tender words, ſhort ſighs, and thouſand charms
Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his Arms;

'Till

Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,
A gentle faintneſs did our Limbs ſurprize.
Beware, *Sicilian* Ladies, Ah! beware
How you receive my faithleſs Wanderer.
You too will be abus'd, if you believe
The flattering words that he ſo well can give.
Looſe to the Winds I let my flowing Hair,
No more with fragrant ſcents perfume the Air,
But all my Dreſs diſcovers wild Deſpair.
For whom, alas! ſhould now my Art be ſhown?
The only man I car'd to pleaſe is gone.
Oh let me once more ſee thoſe Eyes of thine,
Thy Love I ask not, do but ſuffer mine.
Thou might'ſt at leaſt have ta'ne thy laſt farewell,
And feign'd a ſorrow which thou didſt not feel.
No kind remembring Pledge was askt by thee,
And nothing left but Injuries with me.
Witneſs ye Gods, with what a Death-like cold
My heart was ſeiz'd, when firſt thy flight was told.

Speechleſs and ſtupid for a while I lay,
And neither words nor tears could find their way
But when my ſwelling Paſſion forc'd a vent,
With Hair diſhevell'd, Clothes in pieces rent;
Like ſome ſad Mother through the Streets I run,
Who to his Grave attends her only Son.
Expos'd to all the world my ſelf I ſee,
Forgetting Vertue, Fame, and all but thee;
So ill, alas! do Love and Shame agree!
'Tis thou alone that art my conſtant care,
In pleaſing Dreams thou comfort'ſt my deſpair;
And mak'ſt the night that does thy form convey
Welcome to me above the faireſt day.
Then 'ſpight of abſence, I thy Love injoy;
In cloſe imbraces lock'd methinks we lie;
Thy tender words I hear, thy Kiſſes feel,
With all the Joys that ſhame forbids to tell.
But when I waking miſs thee from my bed,
And all my pleaſing Images are fled;

The dear deluding Viſion to retain,
I lay me down, and try to ſleep again.
Soon as I riſe, I haunt the Caves and Groves,
(Thoſe conſcious ſcenes of our once happy loves)
There like ſome frantick *Bacchanal* I walk,
And to my ſelf with ſad diſtraction talk.
Then big with grief I throw me on the ground,
And view the melancholy *Grotto* round;
Whoſe hanging roof of Moſs and craggy Stone
Delights my eyes above the brighteſt Throne,
But when I ſpy the bank, whoſe graſſy bed
Retains the print our weary bodies made;
On thy forſaken ſide I lay me down,
And with a ſhower of tears the place I drown.
The Trees are wither'd all ſince thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their Mourning on.
No warbling *Bird* does now with Muſick fill
The Woods, except the mournful *Philomel.*
With hers my diſmal Notes all night agree,
Of *Tereus* ſhe complains, and I of thee.

Ungentle Youth! didſt thou but ſee me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou wouldſt, thou wouldſt return.
My conſtant falling tears the Papers ſtain,
And my weak hand can ſcarce direct my Pen.
Oh could thy eyes but reach my dreadful ſtate,
As now I ſtand prepar'd for ſudden Fate,
Thou could'ſt not ſee this naked breaſt of mine
Daſht againſt Rocks, rather than joyn'd to thine.
Peace, *Sapho*, peace! thou ſend'ſt thy fruitleſs crys
To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas.
The flying Winds bear thy complaints away,
But none will ever back his Sails convey.
No longer then thy hopeleſs Love attend,
But let thy Life here with thy Letter end.

CANACE

CANACE to MACAREUS:

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace *Son and Daughter to* Æolus, *God of the Winds, lov'd each other Inceſtuouſly:* Canace *was delivered of a Son, and committed him to her Nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to* Æolus, *who inrag'd at the wickedneſs of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expoſed to Wild Beaſts on the Mountains: And, withal, ſent a Sword to* Canace, *with this Meſſage, That her Crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew her ſelf: But before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following Letter to her Brother* Macareus, *who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of* Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal Letter ſtain,
Imagine, e're you read, the Writer ſlain:
One hand the Sword, and one the Pen imploys,
And in my lap the ready Paper lies.

Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel Father wou'd delight.
O were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee and urge the death which he commands,
Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds wou'd ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy Throne,
His Peoples temper is ſo like his own.
The *North* and *South*, and each contending blaſt
Are underneath his wide Dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule; but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred God's above,
That in their number I can reckon *Jove*!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed Sword?
That hour which joyn'd us came before its time,
In death we had been one without a crime:
Why did thy flames beyond a *Brother's* move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſters love?

For

For I lov'd too; and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy Kiſſes found:
My Cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My Food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still e're I ſpoke, a ſigh wou'd ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily Nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my Soul its wound.
Tis Love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what followed! we both know too well!
'When half denying, more than half content,
'Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent:
'Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
'And guilt that made them anxious made them great.

But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking Limbs oppreſt.
What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurſe produce
To make Abortion by their powerful Juice?
What Medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong Child, ſecure in his dark Cell,
With Natures vigour, did our Arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd Empreſs of the Night,
Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increaſt,
Which with her hand the conſcious Nurſe ſuppreſt.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours; but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtrugling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, *Lucina* gave no aid;
And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.

Thou

Thou cam'ſt; and in thy Countenance ſate Deſpair:
Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:
Yet, feigning comfort which thou could'ſt not give,
(Preſt in thy Arms, and whiſp'ring me to live:)
For both our ſakes, (ſaid'ſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear Siſter, and my dearer Wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs, I ſtrove:
Such pow'r have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?
Fear of our *Father* does another form.
High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,
The King with his tempeſtuous Council ſate:
Through this large Room our only paſſage lay,
By which we cou'd the new-born *Babe* convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold Nurſe bore him out;
With Olive branches cover'd round about;

And,

And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as holy Rites ſhe meant,
Through the divided Crowd, unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door th'unhappy Infant cry'd:
The Grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a Whirl-wind to the Nurſe he flies;
And deafs his ſtormy Subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff, he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd, the ſelf-diſcover'd Infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not Ships at Sea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor Seas themſelves, when angry Tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud Father's voice I hear:
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my Murther cou'd his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd; my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves, and every Bird of prey.

The

The Babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he cou'd.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my bowels, and what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a Curſe!
Out went the King; my voice its freedom found,
My Breaſts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the Meſſenger of death,
Sad were his Looks, and ſcarce he drew his Breath,
Too ſay, *Your father ſends you* — (with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a Sword:)
Your Father ſends you this; and lets you know,
That your own Crimes the uſe of it will ſhow.
To well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His *Preſent* ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives?
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives?
Thou God of Marriage ſhun thy own diſgrace;
And take thy Torch from this deteſted place:

Inſtead

Inſtead of that, let Furies light their brands;
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my Siſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead.
For thee, poor Babe, what Crime cou'd they pretend?
How cou'd thy Infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but Oh that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy Mothers grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy Off-ſpring of my teeming Womb!
Drag'd head-long from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping cou'd I follow to thy Grave!
Nor on thy Tomb could offer my ſhorn Hair;
Nor ſhew the grief which tender Mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my Arms be loſt,
For ſoon I will o'retake thy Infant Ghoſt.
But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Deſpair,
Perform his Funerals with paternal care.

His

His ſcatter'd Limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more joyn us in the pious Urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou drop'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel Fathers will.

PHILLIS

PHILLIS *to* DEMOPHOON

BY

Mr. *ED. POLEY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *who was Son to* Theseus *and* Phædra *in returning from the* Trojan *War into his own Country, was by a Tempest driven upon the Coast of* Thrace; *where* Phillis, *who was then Queen of* Thrace, *entertained him, and Married him. When he had stayed with her some time, he hears that* Menestheus *was dead* (*who after he had conquered* Theseus, *had usurped the Government of* Athens) *and under pretence of setling his own Affairs, he went to* Athens, *and promised the Queen, that he would come back again in a Month. When he had been gone four Months, and that she had heard no news of him, she writes him this Letter.*

YOu've gone beyond your time, and ought to
So kind a Wife as *Phillis* leave to grieve. (give
You promis'd me you would no longer stay,
Then till the first full Moon should light your way

Thrice

Thrice did it ſince its borrow'd light renew,
And thrice has chang'd, but not ſo much as you.
Did you the Days, and Hours, and Minutes tell,
As *Phillis* does, and they that love ſo well,
You'd ſay 'twere time to weep; your ſorrows too
Would juſtifie thoſe tears ſhe ſheds for you.
Still did I hope, and thought you'd ſtill be here;
We hardly can believe thoſe things we fear;
Now 'tis too plain, and ſpight of Love and you,
I muſt both fear it, and believe it too.
How oft did I deceive my ſelf, and ſwore,
I ſaw your Ship juſt making to the Shore?
Then curs'd thoſe Friends I thought had caus'd your ſtay,
Would you were half ſo innocent as they.
Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming Billows toſt,
You might be Shipwrack'd whilſt you ſought the Coaſt.
And griev'd t'have injur'd whom I thought ſo true,
I beg'd that pardon I'd refus'd to you.

Then, cruel Man! did I the Gods implore
To let you live though I ne're ſaw you more.
When I a favourable Gale eſpy'd,
He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
And thus my love ſtill ſought ſome new pretence,
And I grew eloquent in your defence.
Yet thou avoid'ſt me ſtill, nor do I ſee
Thoſe promiſes thou mad'ſt to Heaven and me.
'But thy falſe Vows, alas! were all but wind,
'Thy vows and wiſhes made the Gale more kind:
'They fill'd your Sails, and you were forc'd away,
'By the ſame wiſhes, which you made to ſtay.
What have I done, but lov'd to an exceſs?
You'd not been guilty had I lov'd you leſs.
My only Crime is, loving you too well;
But ſure ſome merit in that Crime does dwell.
Where's now your Faith? And where's the Love you bore?
Where are the Gods by whom you falſly ſwore?

Where's

Where's *Hymen* too, who joyn'd our tender years?
He bid me love, and baniſh'd all my fears.
You ſwore by th' ſwelling Billows of the Main,
Which oft you'd try'd, and would yet truſt again,
Rather than ſtay with me, though much more kind,
And conſtant too, than are the Seas or Wind.
You ſwore by th' Mighty Ruler of the Flood,
The Heavenly Author of your Royal Blood;
(If e're a God had any thing to do
In one ſo falſe and ſo unkind as you.)
You ſwore by *Venus*, and the fatal Steel
Of thoſe proud Darts, which too too much I feel;
And by great *Juno*, who's reſiſtleſs Art
Gave thee my Hand, when I had giv'n my Heart.
Thou ſwor'ſt ſo much, that if each God ſhould be
Juſt to revenge his injured ſelf and me;
Such numerous miſchiefs on thy head would fall,
Thou'dſt not have room enough to bear them all.
Diſtracted I, as if I'ad fear'd your ſtay,
Repair'd your Ships to hurry you away.

What haſte you wanted, my curs'd care ſupply'd
Oars to your Sails, and Current to your Tide.
Thus was I falſly by my ſelf betray'd,
And periſh by the wounds my hands have made.
I fooliſhly believ'd all th' Oaths you ſwore,
The Race you boaſted, and the Gods you bore.
Who could have thought ſuch gentle words e're (hung
Upon a treacherous, deluding Tongue?
I ſaw your tears, and I believ'd them all,
Can they lie too, and are they taught to fall?
What needed all that numerous Perjury?
One was enough to her that lov'd like me:
I'me not aſham'd I did your Ships receive,
And your own wants did carefully relieve;
Thoſe Debts I ought you on a nobler ſcore,
But then, 'tis true, I ſhould have done no more.
All I repent, is that I baſely ſtrove
T' increaſe your welcome by a Nuptial Love.
That night that uſher'd in th' unhappy day,
Which did me to your guilty love betray;

I wiſh that fatal Night had been my laſt;
Then I had died, but then I had been Chaſt.
I hop'd you were, 'cauſe I deſerv'd you, *True*,
Is it a Crime to wiſh what is our due?
'Tis ſure no mighty Glory to deceive
A tender Maid, ſo willing to believe.
My weakneſs does but heighten your offence,
You kindly ſhould have ſpar'd my innocence.
You've gain'd a Maid that lov'd you, and may't be
Your greateſt *Priſe*, and only *Victory*.
May your proud *Statue*, rais'd by this ſucceſs,
Shame your great *Father*, 'cauſe his *Crimes* were leſs.
And when late Story ſhall of *Tyrants* tell,
And who by *Syron*, and *Procruſtes* fell;
The *Centaurs* flight, the *Thebans* over-throw,
Who 'twas durſt force the diſmal ſhades below;
Then for your *Honour* ſhall at laſt be ſaid,
Here's He, who by a wretched wile betray'd
A Loving, Innocent, Believing Maid.

Of all thoſe *Acts*, we in your *Father* knew,
His *Treachery* alone remains in you.
What only can excuſe the *Ills* you do,
You both *Inherit* and *Admire* it too.
He *Ariadne* did betray, but ſhe
Enjoys a *Husband* mightier far than He.
But the ſcorn'd *Thracians* my Imbraces ſhun,
Cauſe I from them into thy *Arms* did run.
Let her, they cry, to learned *Greece* be gone,
We'll find a Monarch to ſupply the Throne.
Thus all we do depends on an ill *Fate*,
Which does for ever on th'unhappy wait;
But may that *Fate* all his beſt thoughts attend,
Who judges others *Actions* by the end.
For ſhould'ſt thou ever bleſs theſe Seas again,
They'd praiſe that love of which they now com-
Then would they ſay, *What could ſhe better do* (plain.
Both for her ſelf, and for her Kingdom too?
But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,
Forget'ſt my *Empire*, and forget'ſt my *Bed.*

Methinks

Methinks, I ſee thee ſtill, *Demophoon*,
Thy Sails all hoiſted, ready to be gone.
When boldly thou did'ſt my ſoft Limbs imbrace,
And with long Kiſſes dwelt'ſt upon my Face;
Drown'd in my *Tears*, and in your own you lay,
And curs'd the Winds, that haſtn'd you away.
Then parting cry'd (methinks I hear thee ſtill)
Phillis *I'll come, you may be ſure I will.*
Can I expect that thou'lt e're ſee this Shore,
Who left'ſt it that thou ne're might'ſt ſee me more?
And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may
Be only guilty in too long a ſtay.
What do I ask? thou, by new Charms poſſeſs'd,
Forget'ſt my *kindneſs* on another *Breaſt*;
'And better to compleat the *Treachery*, (me.
'Swear'ſt all thoſe Oaths, which thou haſt broke to
And haſt (falſe Man) perhaps forgot my name,
And ask'ſt too, who I am, and whence I came?
But that thou better may'ſt remember me,
Know, thou ungrateful man, that I am ſhe,

Who, when thou'dſt wandred all the Ocean o'r
Harbour'd thy Ships, and welcom'd thee to Shor
Thy Coffers ſtill repleniſh'd from my own,
And to that height a Prodigal was grown,
I gave thee all thou ask'dſt, and gave ſo faſt,
I gave my ſelf into thy power at laſt;
I gave my *Scepter* and my *Crown* to *Thee*,
A weight too heavy to be born by me.
Where *Hæmus* does his ſhady head diſplay,
And gentle *Heber* cuts his *Sacred* way,
So great's the *Empire*, and ſo wide the *Land*,
Scarce to be govern'd by a *Woman's* hand,
She whom *Fate* would not ſuffer to be chaſt,
Whoſe Nuptials with a Fun'ral pomp were grac'd;
Shrill cries diſturb'd us midſt our ſwifteſt joys,
And our drawn Curtains trembled with the noiſe,
Then cloſe to thee I clung, all drown'd in tears,
And ſought my ſhelter, where I'd found my fears.
And now while others drown their *care* in ſleep,
I run to th' barren *Shore*, and *Rocks* to weep,
And view with longing *eyes* the ſpacious Deep.

All

All day and Night I the *winds* courſe ſurvey,
Impatient till I find it blows this way,
And when a-far, a coming Sail I view,
I thank my Stars, and I conclude 'tis you,
Then with ſtrange haſte I run my Love to meet,
Nor can the flowing Waters ſtop my feet.
When near, I grow more fearful than before,
A ſudden trembling ſeizes me all o're
And leaves my Body Breathleſs on the Shore.
Hard by, where two huge Mountains guard the (way,
There lies a fearful, ſolitary *Bay*.
Oft I've reſolv'd, while on this place I've ſtood,
To throw my ſelf into the raging Flood,
Wild with Deſpair, and I will do it ſtill,
Since you continue thus to uſe me ill.
And when the kinder Waves ſhall waft me o're,
May'ſt thou behold my body on the Shore
Unburied lie; and though thy Cruelty
Harder than Stone, or than thy ſelf ſhould be,

Yet

Yet ſhalt thou cry, aſtoniſh'd with the ſhow,
Phillis, *I was not to be follow'd ſo.*
Raging with Poiſons would I oft expire,
And quench my own by a much happier Fire.
Then to revenge the loſs of all my Reſt,
Would ſtab thy Image in my tortur'd Breaſt.
Or by a Knot (more welcome far to me
Than that, falſe Man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
Strangle that neck, where thoſe falſe Arms of thine
With treach'rous kindneſs us'd ſo oft to twine;
And as becomes a poor unhappy Wife,
Repair my ruin'd Honour with my Life.
When we can once with our hard Fate comply,
'Tis eaſie then to chuſe the way to die.
Then on my Tomb ſhall the proud *Cauſe* be read,
And thy ſad *Crime* ſtill live, when I am dead,
Poor Phillis *dy'd, by him ſhe lov'd oppreſs'd,*
The trueſt Miſtreſs, by the falſeſt Gueſt.
He was the cruel cauſe of all her woe,
But her own hand perform'd the fatal Blow.

HYPERM-

HYPERMNESTRA TO LINUS. BY Mr. *WRIGHT.*

The ARGUMENT.

Danaus, *King of* Argos, *had by ſeveral Wives Fifty Daughters, his Brother* Egyptus *as many Sons.* Danaus, *refuſing to Marry his Daughters to his Brothers Sons, was at laſt compelled by an Army. In Revenge, he Commands his Daughters each to Murther her Husband on the Wedding Night: All obey'd but* Hypermneſtra, *who aſſiſted her Husband* Linus *to eſcape, for which being afterwards impriſoned and put in Irons, ſhe writes this Epiſtle.*

TO that dear Brother who alone ſurvives
Of Fifty, late, whoſe love betray'd their lives,
Writes ſhe that ſuffers in her Lords defence;
Unhappy Wife whoſe Crime's her Innocence!

For

For ſaving him I love, I'm guilty call'd:
Had I been truly ſo, I'd been extoll'd.
Let me be guilty ſtill ſince this they ſay
Is guilt, I glory thus to diſobey.
Torments nor Death ſhall draw me to repent:
Though againſt me they uſe that Inſtrument
From which I ſav'd a Husbands dearer life,
And with one Sword kill *Linus* in his Wife;
Yet will I ne're repent for being true,
Or bluſh t'have lov'd: That let my *Siſters* do:
Such ſhame, and ſuch repentance is their due.
I'm ſeiz'd with terrour, while I but relate,
And ſhun remembrance of a Crime I hate!
The frightful memory of that dire night
Enervates ſo my hand I ſcarce can write.
Howe're I'll try. With Ceremony gay,
About the ſet of Night, and riſe of Day,
The wicked Siſters were in triumph led,
And I among 'em, to the Nuptial Bed.

The Marriage Lights, as Funeral Lamps appear,
And threatning Omens meet us every where.
Hymen they call: *Hymen* neglects their Cries:
Nay *Juno* too from her own *Argos* flies.
Now come the Bridegrooms, high with Wine, to find
Something with us, more lov'd than Wine, behind.
Full of impatient Love, careleſs and brave,
They ſeize the Bed, not ſeeing there a Grave.
What follow'd, ſhame fordids me to expreſs;
But who ſo ignorant as not to gueſs.
Now their tyr'd Senſes they to ſleep commit,
A ſleep, as ſtill as Death; ah, too like it!
'Twas then, methought, I heard their Groans that died;
Alas! 'twas more than thought! I terrified,
Lay trembling, cold, and without power to move
In that dear Bed, which you had made me love.
While you in the ſoft Bonds of ſleep lay faſt,
Charm'd with the joys of love, then newly paſt:
Fearing to diſobey, I riſe at laſt.
Witneſs, ſweet Heavens, how tender was the ſtriſe
Betwixt the name of Daughter and a Wife.

Thrice

Thrice o're your breaſt, which did ſo lately joyn
In ſuch an Ecſtaſie of love to mine,
I rais'd the pointed Steel to pierce that part,
But ah! th'attempt ſtrook nearer my own heart.
My Soul divided thus, theſe words, among
A thouſand ſighs, fell ſoftly from my tongue.
'Doſt thou not heed a Father's awful will?
'Doſt thou noſt fear his power? On then, and kill.
'How can I kill, when I conſider who?
'Can I think death? againſt a Lover too.
'What has my Sex with Blood and Arms to do?
'Fye, thou art now by Love to ſhame betray'd:
'Thy Siſter-Brides by this have all obey'd.
'With ſhame their Courage and their Duty ſee:
'If not a Daughter, yet a Siſter be.
'No, I will never ſtrike: If one muſt die
'*Linus* ſhall live, and my death his ſupply.
'What has he done, or I, what greater ill?
'For him to die, and I, much worſe, to kill?

'Were

Were he as guilty as my Father wou'd ?
Preſent him, why muſt I be ſtain'd with blood?
Poniards and Swords ill with my Sex agree:
Soft Looks, and Sighs of Love, our weapons be.
As I lamented thus, the tears apace
Dropt from my pitying eyes, on thy lov'd face.
While you, with kind and amorous Dreams poſſeſt,
Threw careleſly your dear arm o're my breaſt,
There thinking to repeat Joys lately known,
Your hand upon my Sword was almoſt thrown.
'Twas time to call, no longer I forbore,
Dreading the Days approach, my Father's more,
Wake *Linus*, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
Or ſleep for ever here; Th' alarm you take,
Start up: Ask twenty queſtions in one breath:
To all I anſwer thus——Delay is death;
Fly while 'tis dark, and ſcape eternal night.
While it was dark you made a happy flight:
I ſtay'd to meet the terrours of the light.

VVith

With day my Father comes, the dead to view;
And finds the diſmal Sum one ſhort, by you.
Enrag'd to ſee his treachery betray'd,
By his Command, I'm thus in Fetters laid.
Is this reward due to my Love from Fate?
Ah, wretched flame! Paſſion unfortunate!
Since *Io* ſuffered under *Juno's* Rage,
Nothing that Rival'd Goddeſs can aſſwage.
Th'unhappy Miſtreſs of the mighty *Jove*,
Chang'd to a Cow, a form unapt for Love,
Views in her Father's ſtreams her heads array,
Sees her own horns, and frighted, ſtarts away.
When ſhe'd complain, ſhe lows; and equal fears
From her new ſelf ſurpriſe her eyes and ears.
In vain to loſe the frightful ſhape ſhe tries,
For *Io* follows ſtill, where *Io* flies.
In vain ſhe wanders over Lands and Seas;
Can ſhe find Cure whoſe ſelf is the Diſeaſe?
Sadly ſevere the change in her appear'd,
Whoſe Beauty *Jove* has lov'd, and *Juno* fear'd.

Graſs

Graſs and the Springs her food and drink ſupply;
Her only Lodging's the unſheltring Sky.
What need I urge Antiquity? my fate
Is a freſh inſtance of the Goddeſs hate.
A double ſtock of Tears by me are ſpilt
Both for my Brothers death, and Siſters guilt.
Yet, as if that were ſmall, theſe Chains arrive,
Cauſe I, alone, am guiltleſs, you alive.
But, my dear Lord, if any thought you have,
Or of the Love, or of the life I gave:
If any memory with you does laſt,
Or of the Pleaſures, or the Dangers paſt,
Now, *Linus*, now ſome help to her afford,
Who wants the Liberty ſhe gave her Lord.
If life forſake me e're I you can ſee,
And death, before my *Linus*, ſet me free,
Yet my unhappy Earth from hence remove,
And give thoſe Obſequies are due to Love.
When I'm interr'd I know ſome tears will fall:
Then let this little Epitaph be all.

Here lies a Love compleat, tho' hapleſs Wife,
Who catch'd the Death aim'd at her Husband's life.
Here I muſt reſt my hand, tho' much remains,
'Tis quite diſabled with the weight of Chains.

ARIADNE

AUG

Ariadne to Theseus .

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Minus, *King of* Crete, *by a ſharp War compell'd the* Athenians, *(who had treacherouſly ſlain his Son* Androgeos,*) to ſend yearly ſeven Young men, and as many Virgins to be devour'd by the* Minotaure; *a Monſter begotten by a Bull upon his Wife* Paſiphae, *while he was engaged in that War. The Chance at laſt fell upon* Theſeus *to be ſent among thoſe Youths; who, by the Inſtructions of* Ariadne, *eſcaped out of the Labyrinth, after he had kill'd the* Minotaure, *and, together with her, fled to the Iſle of* Naxos. *But, being Commanded by* Bacchus, *he forſook her, while ſhe ſlept. When ſhe awaked and found her ſelf deſerted, ſhe writes this Letter.*

THan ſavage Beaſts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
Expos'd by Thee, by Them I yet am ſpar'd!

Theſe Lines from that unhappy Shore I write,
Where you forſook me in your faithleſs flight,
And the moſt tender Lover did betray,
While lock'd in ſleep, and in your Arms ſhe lay,
When Morning dew on all the Fields did fall,
And Birds with early Songs for day did call;
Then I, half ſleeping, ſtretch'd me tow'rds your place
And ſought to preſs you with a new imbrace:
Oft ſought to preſs you cloſe, but ſtill in vain;
My folding Arms came empty back again.
Startled, I roſe, and found that you were gone,
Then on my widow'd Bed fell raging down:
Beat the fond Breaſt, where, ſpight of me, you dwe
And tore that hair, which you once lik'd ſo well
By the Moons light I the wide Shore did view,
But all was Deſart, and no ſight of you.
Then every way, with Loves mad haſte I fly,
But ill my feet with my deſires comply;
Weary they ſink in the deep yielding Sands,
Refuſing to obey ſuch wild Commands.

To all the Shore of *Theſeus* I complain,
The Hills and Rocks ſend back that Name again:
Oft they repeat aloud the mournful noiſe,
And kindly aid a hoarſe and dying voice.
Tho' faint, yet ſtill impatient, next I try
To climb a rough ſteep Mountain which was nigh:
(My furious Love unuſual ſtrength ſupply'd:)
From thence, caſting my eyes on every ſide,
Far off the flying Veſſel I eſpy'd.
In your ſwell'd Sails the wanton Winds did play,
(They Court you ſince they ſee you falſe as they.)
I ſaw, or fancy'd that I ſaw you there,
And my chill Veins froze up with cold deſpair.
Thus did I languiſh, till returning Rage
In new extreams did my fir'd Soul ingage.
Theſeus, I cry, perfidious *Theſeus* ſtay!
(But you are deaf, deaf as the Winds, or Sea!
Stay your falſe flight, and let your Veſſel bear
Hence the whole number which ſhe landed here!

In loud and doleful ſhrieks I tell the reſt,
And with freſh Fury wound my hated Breaſt.
Then all my ſhining Ornaments I tear,
And with ſtretch'd Arms wave them in open Air,
That you might ſee her whom you could not hear.
But when out of my ſight the Veſſel flew,
And the Horizon ſhut me from the view;
From my ſad eyes, what flouds of tears did fall!
(Till then Rage would not let me weep at all.)
Still let them weep, for loſing ſight of you,
'Tis the whole buſineſs which they ought to do.
Like *Bacchus* raving Prieſts ſometimes I go:
With ſuch wild haſte, with hair diſhevel'd ſo.
Then on ſome craggy Rock ſit ſilent down,
As cold, unmov'd, and ſenſleſs as the Stone.
To our once happy Bed I often fly:
(No more the place of mutual Love and Joy,)
See where my much lov'd *Theſeus* once was lay'd,
And kiſs the print which his dear Body made.

Here

Here we both lay, I cry, falſe Bed reſtore
My *Theſeus*, kind and faithful as before.
I brought him here, here loſt him while I ſlept.
How well, falſe Bed, you have my Lover kept!
Alone and helpleſs in this Deſart place,
The ſteps of man, or Beaſt I cannot trace,
On every ſide the foaming Billows beat,
But no kind Ship does offer a retreat.
And ſhould the Gods ſend me ſome lucky Sail,
Calm Seas, good Pilots, and a proſperous Gale:
Yet then my Native Soil I durſt not ſee,
But a ſad Exile muſt for ever be.
From all *Cretes* hundred Cities I am curſt,
From that fam'd Iſle where Infant *Jove* was nurſt.
Crete I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,
Betray'd my Father, who that Crown does wear,
When to your hands the fatal Clew I gave,
Which through the winding Lab'rinth led you (ſafe,
Then how you lov'd, how eagerly imbrac'd!
How oft you ſwore, by all your dangers paſt,
That with my life your love ſhould ever laſt!

Ah, perjur'd *Theſeus*, I thy love ſurvive,
If one forſaken and expos'd does live.
Had you ſlain me, as you my Brother ſlew,
You'd then abſolv'd your ſelf from ev'ry Vow,
Now both my preſent Grief denies me Reſt,
And all, that a wilde Fancy can ſuggeſt
Of dreadful Ills to come, diſtracts my Breaſt.
Before my eyes a thouſand deaths appear,
I live, yet ſuffer all the deaths I fear.
Sometimes I think that Lions there do go,
And ſcarce dare truſt my ſight, that 'tis not ſo.
Imagine that fierce Wolves are howling there,
And at th' imagin'd Noiſe ſhrink up with fear.
Then think what Monſters from the Sea may riſe,
Or fancy bloody Swords before my eyes.
But moſt I dread to be a Captive made,
And ſee theſe hands in ſervile works imploy'd,
Unworthy my Extraction from a Line
On one ſide Royal, and on both Divine:

And, (which my indignation more would move,)
Unworthy her whom *Theſeus* once did love.
If tow'rds the Sea I look, or tow'rds the Land,
Objects of horrour ſtill before me ſtand.
Nor dare I look tow'rds Heaven, or hope to find
Aid from thoſe Gods who chang'd my *Theſeus*'s mind.
If Beaſts alone within this Iſland ſtay,
Behold me left to them a helpleſs Prey!
If men dwell here they muſt be Savage too,
This Soyl, this Haven made gentle *Theſeus* ſo.
Would *Athens* never had my Brother ſlain,
Nor for his paid ſo many lives again.
Would thy ſtrong Arm had never given the wound,
Which ſtruck the doubtful Monſter to the ground,
Nor I had given the guiding Thread to Thee,
Which, to my own deſtruction, ſet Thee free.
Let the unknowing World thy Conqueſt praiſe,
It does not *Ariadnes* wonder raiſe:
So hard a Heart, unarm'd, might ſafely ſcorn
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of the Monſters horn.

If

If Flint or Steel could be ſecure of wound,
No room for fear could in that Breaſt be found.
Curſt be the ſleep which ſeal'd theſe eyes ſo faſt!
Curſt, that begun, it did not ever laſt!
For ever curſt be that officious Wind,
Which fill'd thy Sails, and in my ruin joyn'd!
Curſt hand which me, and which my Brother (kill'd!
(With what Misfortunes our ſad Houſe 't has fill'd!)
And curſt the Tongue, which with ſoft words be-
And empty Vows, a poor believing Maid! (tray'd,
Sleep, and the Winds againſt me had combin'd
In vain, if perjur'd *Theſeus* had not join'd.
Poor *Ariadne*, thou muſt periſh here,
Breathe out thy Soul in ſtrange and hated Air,
Nor ſee thy pitying Mother ſhed one Tear:
Want a kind hand which thy fix'd eyes may cloſe,
And thy ſtiff Limbs may decently compoſe.
Thy Carcaſs to the Birds muſt be a Prey.
Thus *Theſeus* all thy Kindneſs does repay!

Mean

Mean while to *Athens* your ſwift Ship does run;
There tell the wondring Crow'd what you have done,
How the mix'd Prodigy you did ſubdue.
The Beaſt and Man, how with one ſtroke you ſlew.
Deſcribe the Lab'rinth, and how taught by me,
You ſcap'd from all thoſe perplex'd Mazes free.
Tell, in return, what generous things you've done:
Such Gratitude will all your Triumphs Crown!
Sprung ſure from Rocks, and not of humane Race!
Thy Cruelty does thy great Line diſgrace.
Yet could'ſt thou ſee, as barbarous as thou art,
Theſe diſmal looks, ſure they would touch thy heart.
You cannot ſee, yet think you ſaw me now
Fix'd to ſome Rock, as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the Waves which roul below.
Look on my torn, and my diſorder'd hairs,
Look on my Robe wet through with ſhow'rs of tears.
With the cold blaſts ſee my whole body ſhakes,
And my numm'd hand unequal Letters makes.

I do not urge my hated Merit now,
But yield, this once, that you do nothing ow.
I neither ſav'd your Life, nor ſet you free:
Yet therefore muſt you force this death on Me?
Ah! ſee this wounded Breaſt worn out with ſighs,
And theſe faint Arms ſtretch'd to the Seas and Skies,
See theſe few hairs yet ſpair'd by grief and rage,
Some pity let theſe flowing Tears engage.
Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
Yet lay my Aſhes in their peaceful Urn.

HERMIONE TO ORESTES.

BY

Mr. *PULTENEY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione, *the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helena, *was by* Tyndarus *her Grandfather* (*to whom* Menelaus *had committed the Government of his Houſe when he went to* Troy) *contracted to* Oreſtes. *Her Father* Menelaus, *not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to* Pyrrhus, *the Son of* Achilles, *who returning from the* Trojan *Wars, ſtole her away. Whereupon ſhe writes to* Oreſtes *as follows.*

THis, dear *Oreſtes*, this with health to you,
From her that was your Wife and Coſin too;
Your Coſin ſtill, but oh! that dearer Name
Of Wife, another now does falſly claim.

What

What Woman can, I have already done,
Yet I'm confin'd by rough *Achilles*'s Son.
With much of Pain, and all the Art I knew,
I ſtrove to ſhun him, yet all wou'd not do.
Stand off, ſaid I, foul Raviſher take heed,
My injur'd Husband will revenge this deed;
Yet he more deaf than angry Tempeſts are,
To his loath'd Chamber drag'd me by the hair.
Had *Troy* ſtill ſtood, had every *Grecian* Dame
Become a Prey to th' haughty Victors flame,
What cou'd I more have ſuffer'd than I do?
Far more than poor *Andromache* e're knew.
But oh my Dear! if, as I have for thee,
Thou haſt a tender care, or thought for me,
Come bravely on, and as robb'd Tygers bold,
Snatch me half Murther'd from the Monſters hold.
Can you purſue each petty Robber's life,
And yet thus tamely loſe a Raviſh'd Wife?
Think how my Father *Menelaus* rag'd
For his loſt Queen, think what a War he wag'd,
When pow'rful *Greece* was in his Cauſe ingag'd.

Had

Had he ſat quietly, and nothing try'd,
As once ſhe was, ſhe'd ſtill been *Paris* Bride.
Prepare no Fleet, you will no forces need,
By you, and only you, I wou'd be freed.
Not but wrong'd Marriage is a Cauſe alone
Sufficient for th' ingaging World to own.
Sprung from the Royal *Pelopean* Line,
You are no leſs by Blood than Marriage mine.
Theſe double Ties a double Love perſwade,
And each ſufficient to deſerve your Aid.
I to your Arms was by my Guardian given,
The only Bliſs I wou'd have beg'd from Heaven.
But that unknown (O my unhappy Fate!)
My Father gave me to the Man I hate.
Juſt were thoſe Infant Vows to you I made,
But this laſt Act had all thoſe Vows betray'd.
Too well he knows what 'tis to be in Love,
How can he then my Paſſion diſapprove?
Since Love himſelf has felt, he will, nay muſt
Allow this Paſſion in his Daughter juſt.

My

My Fate reſembles my wrong'd Father's Caſe,
And *Pyrrhus* is that Thief that *Paris* was.
Let my proud Gaoler the brave deeds run o're,
Count all the Laurels his great Parents wore,
What e're his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.
Let him Claim Kindred with ſome God above,
You are deſcended from the mighty *Jove*.
Brave as you are, I wiſh 'twere underſtood
By ſomething elſe, than by *Ægiſthus* blood;
Yet you are innocent, Fate drew the Sword,
And a religious Duty gave the word.
With this the Tyrant does my Lord diſgrace,
And what's ſtill worſe, dares do it to my Face:
Whilſt burſt with Envy, I am forc'd to be
Rack't, and tormented with his Blaſphemy.
Shall my *Oreſtes* be abus'd, and I
As one that's unconcern'd ſit careleſs by?
No, though diſabled, and of Arms bereft,
Yet as a Woman I have one way left,

Tears

Tears I can ſhed, ſuch as will yield relief
To my ſick Mind, choak'd with exceſs of grief;
For when the big charg'd Storm hath loſt its power,
It ſighs it ſelf into a ſilent ſhowr.
This I can do, whilſt by each other preſt,
The dewy Pearls run trickling o're my breaſt.
But how ſhou'd I this fatal woe eſcape?
All our whole Race was ſubject to a Rape:
I need not tell, how in ſoft Feathers dreſt,
The wanton God his ſofter Nymph poſſeſt;
How through the deep in unknown ſhips convey'd
Hippodame was from her Friends betray'd;
How the fair *Tyndaris* by forc'd detain'd,
By th' *Amyclæan* brethren was regain'd.
How afterwards by all the Grecian Power
She was brought back from the *Idæan* ſhore.
I ſcarce remember that ſad day, and yet,
Young as I was, I do remember it.
Her Brothers wept, her Siſter to remove
Her Fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own *Jove*.

Mother, ſaid I, in a weak mournful Tone,
Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?
When you are gone why ſhou'd I ſtay behind?
All this I ſpoke; but ſpoke it to the Wind.
Now like the reſt of my curſt Pedigree,
By this loath'd Wretch I am detain'd from Thee.
The brave *Achilles* wou'd have blam'd his Son,
Nor had he liv'd, would this have e're be done.
He ne're had thought it lawful to divide
Thoſe two, whom Marriage had ſo firmly ty'd.
What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your hate,
Or what curs'd Star rules my unhappy Fate?
Why am I plagu'd by your injurious power,
Robb'd of my Parents in a tender hour?
He to the War, ſhe with her Lover fled,
Though living both, yet both to me were dead.
No babling words half fram'd upon thy tongue
Lull'd me to ſoft repoſe when I was young.
Your tender neck was ne're imbrac'd by me,
Nor ſat I ever ſmiling on your knee,

You

You never tended me, nor was I led
By thee (dear Mother) to my Marriage-bed.
At your return, I ſaw, but knew you not,
So ſure my Mother's Face I had forgot.
I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no Feature there;
Yet thought 'twas you, 'cauſe ſo Divinely fair.
Such was our ignorance, even you, alas! (was.
Ask'd your own Daughter, where your daughter
Thou, my *Oreſtes*, were my ſole delight,
Yet thee too I muſt loſe, unleſs you fight.
Pyrrhus withholds me from thy Arms, that's all
Hermione has gain'd by *Ilium*'s fall.

Soon as the early Harbinger of day
Gilds the glad Orb with his reſplendent Ray;
My Grief's made gentler by th'approaching light;
And ſome pain ſeems to vaniſh with the night;
But when a Darkneſs o're the Earth is ſpread,
And I return all penſive to my Bed, (flow,
Tears from my eyes, as ſtreams from Fountains
I ſhun this Husband, as I'd ſhun a Foe.

Oft grown unmindful through diſtractive Cares,
I've ſtretch'd my Arms, and touch'd him unawares;
Strait then I check the wandring Senſe, and fly
To the Bed's utmoſt limits, yet I lie
Reſtleſs ev'n there, and think I'm ſtill too nigh.
Oft I for *Pyrrhus* have *Oreſtes* ſaid,
But bleſt the Error which my Tongue had made.
Now by that Royal God, whoſe frown can make
The Vaſſal Globe of his Creation ſhake,
Th' Almighty Sire of our unhappy Race,
And by the Sacred Urn that does imbrace
Thy Father's duſt, whoſe once loud blood may boaſt
Thou in repoſe haſt laid his ſleeping Ghoſt;
I'll either live my dear *Oreſtes*'s Wife,
Or to untimely Fate reſign my Life.

LEANDER TO HERO.

BY

Mr. *TATE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Leander *accuſtomed nightly to ſwim over the* Helleſpont *to viſit* Hero (*Prieſteſs of* Venus *Temple*) *being at laſt hinder'd by Storms from his wonted courſe, ſends her the following Epiſtle.*

RECEIVE this Letter from *Leander*, fraught
With Service, which he rather would have brought.
Read with a ſmile,——and yet, if thou wouldſt (crown
My wiſer wiſhes, read them with a frown.

That Anger from thy kindneſs will proceed,
'Cauſe of *Leander* thou canſt only read.
The Seas rage high, and ſcarce could we prevail
With the moſt daring Mariner to ſail.
Embark'd at laſt, and ſculking in the Hold,
My ſtealth is to my jealous Parents told,
As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.
I writ, ſince writing was my ſole relief,
And o're the dewy ſheets thus breath'd my grief.
Bleſt Letter, go, my tendereſt thoughts convey,
To her warm Lip thy Signets ſhe will lay;
And with a Kiſs diſſolve thy Seals away.
Sev'n tedious nights guiltleſs of ſleep I've ſtood,
Sigh'd with the winds, and murmur'd with the flood;
Then climbing th' utmoſt Clifts her Coaſt to view,
My Tears, like Glaſſes, th' Object nearer drew:
By th'adverſe winds and waves detain'd on ſhore,
My Thoughts run all our former Pleaſures o're,
And in ſoft Scenes of Fancy re-injoy
The bliſs that did our Infant Loves imploy.

'Twas

'Twas night (a Curſe on the Impert'nent light
That pry'd and marr'd the pleaſures of that night)
When firſt I ſwam the Ford; while *Cynthias* beams
Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the ſtreams.
My drooping Arms, in hopes they ſhall at length
Imbrace thy neck, feel freſh ſupplies of ſtrength,
The wondring Waves to their new Fury yield,
Not *Triton's* faſter plow the liquid Field.

Soon on the Temples Spire your Torch I ſpy'd,
Fixt like a Star my watery Courſe to guide;
WhichPlanet-like, ſhoots vigour through my veins;
The warmth of my Immortal Love ſuſtains,
In the cold Flood, Life's periſhing remains.

But now the gentleſt Star that bleſt my way,
Your bright ſelf on the Turret I ſurvey.
Then with redoubled ſtrokes the Waves divide,
And by my *Hero* am at laſt deſcry'd:
Scarce could your careful Confident reſtrain,
But you would plunge, and meet me in the Main.

And made ſo far your kind Endeavours good,
That Ankle deep on the Fords brink you ſtood;
And ſeem'd the new ris'n *Venus* of the Flood.
The ſhore now gain'd to your dear Arms I flew,
All dropping as I was with briny Dew;
Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome Gueſt;
Your warm lip to my bloodleſs cheek you preſt,
Nor felt my Locks diſtilling on your Breaſt,
Your haſty Robes are o're my ſhoulders thrown,
To ſhroud my ſhivering Limbs, you ſtript your own:
Forgetting how your too officious Care,
Leſt thee (my tend'reſt part) expos'd to Air.
The night, and we are conſcious to the reſt,
Delights that ought not, cannot be expreſt.
We knew ſhort ſpace was to our pleaſures ſet,
And therefore lov'd not at the common rate.
But 'th' utmoſt Fury of your Flames imploy'd,
TheMinutes flew leſs faſt than we injoy'd.
With ſuch diſpatch that nights dear joys we wrought,
To recollect would make an Age of thought.

At

At length the ſickning Stars began t'expire,
And I with them am ſummon'd to retire.
Confus'dly then we our Love task diſpatcht,
Ten thouſand Kiſſes in a Minute ſnatcht.
Your Woman chid that I ſo long delay'd,
You preſt me cloſe, then ask'd me why I ſtay'd.
My ſtay you firſt reprov'd, and then my haſte,
Nor cry'd Farewel; till you had claſp'd me faſt.
Day broke e're we our Am'rous ſtrife could end;
Then ſighing I to the cold *Beach* deſcend,
Truſt me, the Sea from your dear Coaſts ſeems (ſteep,
And all the way methinks I climb the deep.
But when reviſiting your ſhores, I ſeem
Deſcending ſtill, and rather fall than ſwim.
I loath my Native Soil, and only prize
That Region where my Loves dear Treaſure lies.
Why is not *Seſtos* to *Abydus* joyn'd?
Since we united are in heart and mind.
The ſame our hopes, our fears, and our deſires,
Love is our Life, and one Love both inſpires.

But

But ah! what Mis'ries on that Love attend,
Whoſe Joys on humorous Seas and Winds depend?
I by their quarrel loſe, forc'd to delay
My tender Viſit, till they end the Fray.
When firſt I croſt the Gulph, the *Dolphins* gaz'd,
The Sea Nymphs fled, the *Tritons* were amaz'd.
But now no more I ſeem a Prodigy,
But paſs for an Inhabitant o'th' Sea.
And ſince my paſſage is by Storms withſtood,
I'm nightly miſt by th' Brothers of the Flood.
Oft have I curſt the tedious way, but oh!
I wiſh in vain that tedious paſſage now.
Yield me again, kind Floods, my tireſome way,
'Twas never half ſo tireſome as my Stay.
Muſt then my Halcyon Love all Winter ſleep,
And ne're launch forth into a troubled Deep?
Muſt I deſiſt my Homage to perform,
And ſculk at home for ev'ry peeviſh Storm?
If thus the Summer Guſts detain my courſe,
How ſhall I through the Winter Surges force?

Abſence

Abſence ev'n then I ſhall not long ſuſtain,
But boldly plunge into the raging Main,
And if the ſwelling Floods not ſoon aſſwage,
I'll make my boaſting good, and dare their rage.
My vent'rous ſcape ſhall in your Arms be bleſt,
Or if I'm loſt, my Anxious Love find reſt.
The Waves at leaſt will do my Corps the grace
To waſt it to my wonted landing place:
Or of its own accord the Amorous Clay,
Will thither float, nor loſe ſo known a way!]
I gueſs your Kindneſs will ev'n then perform
To the cold Trunk, what you were wont when
Warm;
Your ſelf diſmantling, you will ſhroud me o're,
And grieve to find your boſoms warmth no more
Have power, my vitals ſpirits to reſtore.
If this ſad Fancy diſcompoſe thy Breaſt,
Think 'twas but Fancy, and reſume thy reſt.
Invoke the Watry Pow'rs (thy Pray'rs are Charms)
T'aſſwage the ſtorm, and yield me to thy Arms.

But

But when to your dear Manſion I arrive,
Looſe ev'ry Wind, and let the Tempeſt drive.
'Twill give my ſtay pretence, nor can you chide
Whilſt Thunder pleads ſo loudly on my ſide.
'Till then permit this letter to ſupply
The Author's place, and in thy Boſom lie.
Lodg'd in thy Breaſt, my Paſſion 'twill impart,
And whiſper its ſoft Meſſage to thy Heart.

HERO'S

HERO's ANSWER TO LEANDER.

BY

The ſame Hand.

With ſuch delight I read your Letter o're,
Your Preſence only could have given (me more.
Excuſe my Paſſion if it ſoar above
Your thought; no man can judge of Womans love.
With Bus'neſs you, or Pleaſures may ſuſtain
The Pangs of Abſence, and divert the Pain.

The

The Hills, the Vales, the Woods, and Streams are
With Game, and Profit with Delight afford. (ſtor'd
Whilſt Gins for Beaſts, and Snares for Fowl you ſet,
You ſmile, and your own amorous Chains forget.
Ten thouſand helps beſides affect your Cure,
Whilſt Womens ſole Relief is to endure.
Or, with my Confident I hold diſcourſe,
Debating what ſhould interrupt your Courſe:
Or viewing from aloft the troubled Tide,
Mix in the Fray, and with the Tempeſt chide.
Or in the Storms leaſt Interval ſuſpect
Your ſtay, and almoſt charge you with neglect.
I ſeek your footſteps on the Sands in vain,
The Sands no more confeſs thee than the Main.
I watch th'arriving Barks, and never fail
T'inquire of you, and write by every Sail.
Still as the ſetting Sun reſtores the Night,
(The Light to me more welcome than the Night,)
I fix my flaming Torch to guide my Love,
Nor ſhines there any friendlier Star above.

Then

Then with my Work or Book the time I cheat,
And 'midſt the Task *Leander*'s Name repeat.
My wedded thoughts no other Theme purſue,
I talk a hundred things —— but all of you.
What think'ſt thou, Nurſe, does my *Leander* come?
Or waits he 'till his Parents ſleep at home?
For he is forc'd to ſteal his Paſſage there,
As nightly we by ſtealth admit him here.
Think'ſt Thou that now he ſtrips him in the Bay,
Or is already plung'd, and on his way?
Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, with tedious watching ſpent,
Makes half Replies, and Nodding gives Aſſent.
Yet cannot I the ſmalleſt pauſe allow,
But cry, he is launch'd forth for certain now.
Then ev'ry Moment through the Window peep;
With greedy Eyes examin all the Deep;
And whiſper to the Floods a tender Prayer
In your behalf, as if I ſpy'd you there.
Or to beguile my Griefs my Ear incline,
And take each gentle Breezes Voice for Thine:

At

At laſt, ſurpriz'd with ſleep, in Dreams I gain
That Bliſs for which I wak'd ſo long in vain.
To ſhroud you then my ſhoulders I diveſt,
And claſp you ſhivering to my warmer Breaſt,
A Lover need not be inform'd the Reſt.
Theſe Pleaſures oft my ſlumb'ring thoughts im-(ploy,
But ſtill th'are Dreams, and yield no ſolid Joy.
Tho' ne're ſo lively the fruition be,
To fill my Bliſs I muſt have very Thee.
At preſent, I confeſs, the Seas are rough,
But were laſt Night compos'd and calm enough;
Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
Why diſappoint me with a total ſtay?
Is it your Fear that makes my wiſhes vain?
When rougher, you have oft ingag'd the Main;
If it be Fear, that friendly Fear retain,
Nor viſit me till you ſecurely may;
Your danger would afflict me more than ſtay.
Dread every Guſt that blows, But oh! my Mind
Miſgives, leſt you prove various as that Wind.

If

If e're you change, your Error ſecret keep,
And in bleſt Ignorance permit me ſleep.
Not that I am inform'd y'are chang'd at all,
But abſent Lovers fear what e're may fall.
Detain'd by th' Floods, your ſtay I will not blame;
But leſs I dread the Floods than ſome new Flame.
Be huſht ye Winds, ye raging Billows ſleep,
And yield my Love ſafe paſſage through the deep.
Bleſt ſign, the Taper ſparkles whilſt I pray,
A Gueſt i'th' Flame! *Leander's* on his way!
Our Houſhold Altar yields propitious ſigns,
From which my Nurſe your ſwift approach divines.
The Crickets too of your arrival warn,
And ſay our Number ſhall increaſe e're Morn.
Come, gentle Youth, and with thy preſence make
The glad Conjecture true; the Day will break,
And marr our bliſs, prevent the haſtning Morn;
To me and Loves forſaken Joys return.
My bed without Thee will afford no Reſt,
There is no Pillow like *Leander's* Breaſt.

Doſt thou ſuſpect the time will be too ſhort?
Or want'ſt thou ſtrength th'adventure to ſupport?
If this detain thee, Oh! no longer ſtay,
I'll plunge and meet Thee in the Flood half way.
Thus in the verdant Waves our Flames ſhall meet,
And danger make the ſoft imbrace more ſweet.
Our Love's our own, which yet we take by ſtealth,
Like Midnight Miſers from their hidden Wealth.
'Twixt Decency and Love unhappy made,
Whilſt Fame forbids what our Deſires perſwade.
How art thou nightly ſnatch'd from me away?
To dare the Flood when Sailers keep the Bay.
Yet be adviſ'd thou Conqueror of the Tide,
Nor in thy youthful Strength ſo much confide.
Think not thine Arms can more than Oars prevail;
Nor dare to ſwim, when Pilots fear to Sail.
With much regret I cautiouſly perſwade,
And almoſt wiſh my Counſel diſobey'd.
Yet when to the rough Main my Eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:

Nor

Nor does my laſt Nights Viſions leſs affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a Sacred Rite,)
A ſporting *Dolphin*, whilſt the Flood retir'd,
Lay hid i'th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.
What e're the Dream portend, as yet reſide
In the ſafe Port, nor truſt th' inconſtant Tide.
The Storm (too fierce to laſt) will ſoon decay,
Then with redoubled ſpeed redeem your ſtay.
Till then theſe ſheets ſome pleaſure may impart,
They bring what moſt you prize, your *Hero*'s heart.

LAODAMIA
TO
PROTESILAUS.
BY
THO. FLATMAN, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Protesilaus, *lying Windbound at* Aulis, *in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the* Trojan *War, his Wife* Laodamia *sends this following Epistle to Him.*

HEalth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What *Laodamia* sends, the Gods convey.
The Wind that still in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not so cross to keep him here?

Let

Let the Wind raiſe an *Hurricane* at Sea,
Were he but ſafe and warm aſhore with me,
Ten thouſand kiſſes I had more to give him,
Ten thouſand cautions, and ſoft words to leave him:
In haſt he left me, ſummon'd by the Wind,
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)
The Seaman's pleaſure, is the Lover's pain,
(*Proteſilaus* is from my boſom ta'ne!)
As from my faultering tongue half ſpeeches fell,
(Scarce could I ſpeak that wounding word *Farewel.*)
A merry Gale (at Sea they call it ſo)
Fill'd every Sail with joy, my breaſt with wo,
There went my dear *Proteſilaus*——
While I could ſee thee, full of eager pain,
My greedy eyes epicuriz'd on Thine,
When thee no more, but thy ſpreads Sails I view,
I look'd, and look'd, till I had loſt them too;
But when nor thee, nor them I could deſcry,
And all was Sea that came within my eye,

They ſay (for I have quite forgot) they ſay
I ſtrait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
Compaſſionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old Man,
My Mother too, to my aſſiſtance ran;
In haſte cold Water on my face they threw,
And brought me to my ſelf with much ado,
They meant it well, to me it ſeem'd not ſo,
Much kinder had they been to let me go;
My anguiſh with my Soul together came,
And in my heart burſt out the former flame:
Since which, my uncomb'd locks unheeded flow,
Undreſt, forlorn, I care not how I go;
Inſpir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus* frolick rout
Stagger'd of old, and ſtraggled all about.
Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies ſay,
Thy Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia.*
Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my Dear does lie,
What pleaſure can I take in *Tyrian* dye?
Shall Curles adorn my head, an Helmet thine?
I in bright Tiſſues, thou in Armour ſhine?

Rather

Rather with ſtudied negligence I'll be
As ill, if not diſguiſed worſe than Thee.
O *Paris*! rais'd by ruins! may'ſt thou prove
As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!
O that the *Grecian Dame* had been leſs fair,
Or thou leſs lovely hadſt appear'd to Her!
O *Menelaus*! timely ceaſe to ſtrive,
With how much blood wilt thou thy loſs retrieve?
From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home.
But my heart fails me, when I think of War,
The ſad reflection coſts me many a tear:
I tremble when I hear the very name
Of every place where thou ſhalt fight for fame.
Beſides th' adventurous *Raviſher* well knew
The ſafeſts Arts his Villany to purſue;
In noble dreſs he did her heart ſurprize,
With Gold he dazled her unguarded Eyes,
He back'd his Rape with Ships and armed Men,
Thus ſtorm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortreſs in.

Againſt the power of Love and force of Arms
There's no ſecurity in the brighteſt Charms.
Hector I fear, much do I *Hector* fear,
A Man (they ſay) experienc'd in war.
My Dear, if thou haſt any Love for me,
Of that ſame *Hector* prithee mindful be,
Fly him be ſure, and every other Foe,
Leſt each of them ſhould prove an *Hector* too.
Remember, when for fight thou ſhalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'ſt, are giv'n to her.
If by thy valour *Troy* muſt ruin'd be,
May not the ruin leave one ſcar on thee;
Sharer in th' honour, from the danger free!
Let *Menelaus* fight, and force his way
Through the falſe *Raviſher's* Troops to his *Helena.*
Great be his Victory, as his cauſe is good,
May he ſwim to her in his Enemies blood.
Thy Caſe is different—may'ſt thou live to ſee
(Deareſt) no other Combatant but me!

Ye

Ye generous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away,
From his dear Breaſt, find out a nobler prey,
Why ſhould you harmleſs *Laodamia* ſlay?
My poor good natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's field what wonders can he do?
Great is his Proweſs and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woe.
Now I muſt own, I fear to let thee go,
My trembling lips had almoſt told thee ſo.
When from thy Father's Houſe thou didſt withdraw,
Thy fatal ſtumble at the door I ſaw,
I ſaw it, ſigh'd, and pray'd the ſign might be
Of thy return a happy Propheſie!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my fear,
Be not too brave,—Remember, Have a care,
And all my dreads will vaniſh into Air.
Among the *Grecians* ſome one muſt be found
That firſt ſhall ſet his foot on *Trojan* ground;

Unhappy

Unhappy ſhe that ſhall his loſs bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy courage then may fail.
Of all the Ships, be thine the very laſt,
Thou the laſt man that lands; there needs no haſt;
To meet a potent, and a treacherous foe;
Thou'lt land I fear too ſoon, tho' ne're ſo ſlow.
At thy Return ply every Sail and Oar,
And nimbly leap on thy deſerted ſhore.
All the day long, and all the lonely night
Black thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright;
Darkneſs, to other Womens pleaſures kind,
Augments, like Hell, the torments of my mind.
I court e'en Dreams, on my forſaken Bed,
Falſe Joys muſt ſerve, ſince all my true are fled.
What's that ſame airy *Phanton* ſo like thee?
What wailings do I hear, what paleneſs ſee?
I wake, and hug my ſelf, 'tis but a Dream.—
The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their flame,
The want of hallow'd wine my tears ſupply,
Which make the ſacred fire burn bright and high.

When

When ſhall I claſp thee in theſe Arms of mine,
Theſe longing Arms, and lie diſſolv'd in thine?
When ſhall I have thee by thy ſelf alone,
To learn the wondrous Actions thou haſt done?
Which when in rapturous words thou haſt begun
With many, and many a kiſs, prithee tell on,
Such interruptions graceful pauſes are,
A Kiſs in Story's but an halt in War.
But when I think of *Troy*, of winds, and waves,
I fear the pleaſant dream my hope deceives:
Contrary winds in *Port* detain thee too,
In ſpite of wind and tide why wouldſt thou go?
Thus to thy Country thou wouldſt hardly come,
In ſpite of wind and tide thou went'ſt from home,
To his own City *Neptune* ſtops the way,
Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.
Return ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly,
Your ſtay is not of Chance, but Deſtiny:
How can your Arms expect deſir'd ſucceſs,
That thus contend for an *Adultereſs*?

But

But, let not me foreſpeak you, no, —ſet Sail,
And Heav'n befriend you with a proſperous Gale!
Ye *Trojans!* with regret methinks I ſee
Your firſt encounter with your Enemy;
I ſee fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
To buckle on her luſty Bridegroom's Arms;
She gives him Arms, and kiſſes ſhe receives,
(I hate the tranſports each to other gives.)
She leads him forth, and ſhe commands him come
Safely victorious, and triumphant home,
And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
But diligently do what e're ſhe ſay;
Now he returns!—ſee with what amorous ſpeed
She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his head,
And Courts the weary Champion to her Bed.
We women, too too credulous alas!
Think what we fear will ſurely come to paſs.
Yet, while before the Leagure thou doſt lie,
Thy *Picture* is ſome pleaſure to my Eye,

That,

That, I careſs in words moſt kind and free,
And lodge it on my Breaſt, as I would thee;
There muſt be ſomething in it more than Art,
Twere very thee, could it thy mind impart;
I kiſs the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
As if (like thee) 't would anſwer me again.
By thy return, by thy dear Self, I ſwear,
By our Loves Vows, which moſt Religious are,
By thy beloved Head, and thoſe gray Hairs
Which time may on it Snow, in future years,
I come, where e're thy fate ſhall bid thee go,
Eternal Partner of thy weal and woe,
So thou but live, tho' all the Gods ſay No.
Farewel, —but prethee very careful be
Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.

PHILLIS

PHILLIS *to* DEMOPHOON.

BY

Mr. *ED. FLOYD.*

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, *the Son of* Theſeus *and* Phædra, *returning from the* Trojan *Wars, was by adverſe Winds driven on the* Thracian *Shore, where he was Royally entertained, and received into familiarity by* Phillis, *Daughter of* Lycurgus *and* Cruſtumena, *King and Queen of* Thrace; *with whom, after he had a while remain'd, hearing of the Death of* Meneſtheus (*the Depoſer of his Father*) *he went to take poſſeſſion of his own Realm of* Athens, *yet with earneſt proteſtations of returning within the ſpace of one Month. But being detain'd paſt the appointed time by the diſtractions his People were under, he gave occaſion to* Phillis (*impatient of delays*) *to write him this Epiſtle.*

PHillis (who entertain'd thy Love and Thee,
Faithleſs *Demophoon*) blames thy Perjury:
How,

How, when with pain we parted, didſt thou mourn,
And ſeem'dſt to live alone for thy return!
How didſt thou limit my diſtreſs, and ſwear
Within one month thy ſpeedy preſence here!
Yet now four Moons are weary'd out, and ſee
Thee ſtill regardleſs of thy Vows and me.
Hadſt thou a tender ſenſe to know the pain
Of abſent Lovers, who expect in vain,
Thou would'ſt not call me haſty, nor upbraid
Theſe humble murmurs of a Wife betray'd.
We're ſlow in our believing Ills, for I
Flatter'd my ſelf that yet I ſhou'd not die:
My ſelf I've oft deluded, —thought thee kind—
—Thy Ship returning with a proſp'rous wind: —
Theſeus I've curſt, and yet unjuſtly him,
For thou perhaps art Author of thy Crime.
The dang'rous ſhoals of *Hebrus* made me mourn,
As fancying thee expos'd in thy return.
Oft for thy health I've ſought the Gods by pray'r,
And Incenſe burnt to place thee in their care.

When

When e're the Wind ſtood fair, I fancy'd ſtraight
Thy ſudden preſence, or thy certain fate.
Then have I ſtudy'd reaſons for thy ſtay,
And urg'd my wit to favour thy delay:
Yet doſt not thou the ſenſe of Vows retain,
To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
Thy ſtricteſt Vows did mix with common Air,
Nor does thy tardy Fleet the fault repair.
Thy abſence fully does my Crime reprove,
And ſeems deſign'd to pay ſo cheap a Love.
My only fault was loving eaſily,
And yet that fault claims gratitude in thee.
Where's now thy faith, —thy ſuppliant hands, and where
The God prophan'd by thy fallacious pray'r?
Where's *Hymen* now that ſhould our hearts unite,
Bleſs and ſecure our conjugal delight?
Firſt, by the Sea thou ſwor'ſt thy meaning juſt,
The Sea that then thou wert about to truſt:

Thou

Thou ſwor'ſt by thy pretended Grandſire's name,
The God that does rebellious ſtorms reclaim:
By *Venus* and by Love's Artillery,
The Inſtruments of mighty woes to me:
By *Juno*, who of Marriage Vows takes care,
And *Ceres*, who the hallow'd Torch does bear:
Shou'd theſe wrong'd Pow'rs be juſt, cou'dſt thou (withſtand
The angry ſtroke of an Almighty hand?
Thy Ships I did repair, thy Sails improve,
And ſtrengthen'd the deſerter of my Love.
I gave thee Oars as Inſtruments of ſpeed,
And ſharpen'd all the darts by which I bleed.
Thy words,—Thy Kindred Gods—what e're was (fain'd,
With Joy I heard, with Faith I entertain'd:
View'd with regard thy falſe commanded tears,
Thy artful ſorrow, and thy ſeeming fears.
Thy Arts of Love to me thou might'ſt have ſpar'd,
For I was too unhappily prepar'd.
Nor ſhou'd I grieve to have well treated Thee,
And limited my hoſpitality,

But to admit thee looſely to my breaſt,
Is Treaſon, fatal to my preſent reſt.
Ah! had I dy'd before that evening came,
I then had dy'd in peace, ſecure of fame.
Yielding, I hop'd thy gratitude might move,
And ſhewing mine, deſerve thy utmoſt love.
But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
(All pitileſs) a frail believing Maid:
A Maid that lov'd thee, thou haſt robb'd of fame,
And may no greater honour reach thy name.
In *Athens,* when thy Statue ſhall be plac'd
Near thy great Father with his Trophies grac'd:
When *Scyron* and *Procruſtes* ſhall be read,
Scinis and *Minotaure* in triumph lead:
Thebes quite reduc'd, the *Centaur*'s overcome,
Hell ſtorm'd, and the black King diſturb'd at home,
Thy hated Image thus inſcrib'd ſhall End,——
——*He who betray'd his Miſtreſs and his Friend.*
Of all thy mighty Father has atchiev'd,
Thou lik'ſt, that *Ariadne* was deceiv'd:

What

What he repented, thou doſt ſtill admire,
And only to his treachery art Heir:
(Unenvy'd) ſhe enjoys a nobler Mate,
And drawn by harneſs'd Tygres, rides in ſtate.
The *Thracians*, whom I ſcorn'd, now ſhun my bed,
As one by ſtrange polluted hands miſled.
Says one, let learned *Athens* be her place,
Some nobler Hand ſhall govern warlike *Thrace*.
The End proves all——and may he never hit
His raſh preſage, who dares condemn thee yet,
For ſhould'ſt thou now return, each will conclude
I ſtudy'd with my own my Country's good:
I've fail'd, alas! Thou no review doſt make,
Or of my Palace or the Cryſtal Lake.
My eyes retain thy graceful Image, when
With mournful Bows thou bad'ſt me hope agen.
Thou did'ſt imbrace me, and with ſuch delay,
That long breath'd kiſſes ſeem'd to mean thy ſtay;
Thou did'ſt exchange, and mix our tears, and ſwear
The Wind was inauſpicious, when 'twas fair;

When our divorce thou cou'dſt no more decline,
Thou ſaid'ſt, *Expect me*——Phillis, *I am thine:*
Him I expect, who meant to come no more,
And Ships no more deſign'd to touch this ſhore:
Yet ſtill I hope—ah! come, tho' paſt thy time,
That thy delay may be thy only Crime.
Some wanton Maid (perhaps) ſeduces Thee,
And buys thy love with cheap diſcourſe of me.
Thou canſt not be unmindful who I am,
Conſult thy ſelf for my neglected name;
Phillis thy Conſtant, hoſpitable Friend,
Who did her harbour and aſſiſtance lend:
Love, Empire, All ſubmitted to thy will,
Who gave thee much, and wiſh'd to give thee ſtill;
Lycurgus's Land ſurrender'd to thy ſway,
And to thy Hand its Scepter did convey,
As far as *Rhodope* and *Hæmus* go,
And the ſoft ſtreams of ſacred *Hebrus* flow;
Thee my laſt bluſhes bleſt, thy loves long toils
Rewarded with my conquer'd Virgin Spoils.

The

The howling Fiends, and ominous Birds of Night,
With diſmal notes perform'd each Nuptial Rite:
With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alecto* came,
To light our Tapers with infernal flame.
On Rocks I walk—and o're the barren Sand,
Far as my Eyes can reach the ſpacious Strand;
Look out all hours to ſee what Wind ſtands fair
By Earths cold damp untir'd, or Heavens bleak air;
When any diſtant Sail I chance to ſpy,
I fancy thy looſe Streamers drawing nigh:
Launch'd into Sea, the tardy Gales I chide,
And to meet thee I ſtem th' impetuous Tide;
When their approach declares my hopes are vain
I fainting crave th' aſſiſtance of my Train.
Above the Bay, which the ſpent Billows blocks
And forms a precipice of pendant Rocks,
Thence my deſpair preſented me a grave,
And nought but thy return my life ſhall ſave,
May ſome kind Wave to thy own Shore convey,
And at thy feet thy floating *Phillis* lay,

Thy melting heart this diſmal ſound will groan,
In theſe embraces joyn'd, we meet too ſoon——
Oft have I thirſted for a pois'nous draught,
As oft a death from ſome kind Poniard ſought;
Oft round that neck a ſilken Twine I caſt,
Which once thy dear perfidious Arms imbrac'd.
By death I'll heal my preſent Infamy,
But ſtay to chooſe the ſpeedieſt way to die.
This ſad ſhort Epitaph ſhall ſpeak my doom,
And fix my mournful ſtory on my Tomb,
This Monument did falſe Demophoon *build*
With the cold Aſhes of his Miſtreſs fill'd;
He was the cauſe, and hers the hand that kill'd.

OENONE TO PARIS.

BY

Mr. *JOHN COOPER.*

The ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, *being with Child of* Paris, *dream'd ſhe was delivered of a Firebrand:* Priam, *conſulting the Prophets, was anſwer'd the Child ſhou'd be the Cauſe of the Deſtruction of* Troy, *wherefore* Priam *commanded it ſhould be deliver'd to wild Beaſts as ſoon as born; but* Hecuba *conveys it ſecretly to Mount* Ida, *there to be foſter'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in love with the Nymph* OEnone, *but at length being known and own'd, he ſails into* Greece, *and carries* Helen *to* Troy, *which* OEnone *hearing, writes him this Epiſtle.*

READ this, (if your new Bride will ſuffer) read;
And no upbraidings from *Mycena* dread.

Only *OEnone* here does of her ſwain
(If he will let her call him hers) complain.
What God has robb'd me of your love and you?
Or from what Crime of mine proceeds my woe?
Misfortunes, when deſerv'd, we may endure,
But when unjuſtly born, can find no Cure.

Tho' now a Prince, not yet ſo great you was,
When a fam'd Nymph, I ſtoop'd to your imbrace;
A Slave you was (forgive what I have ſaid)
Slave as you was, I took you to my Bed,
Often, amidſt your Flocks, beneath ſome ſhade
On Leaves and Flow'rs we amorouſly were laid.
As oft, upon the Straw, our joys we prov'd
In ſome low ſhed from Winter ſtorms remov'd.
When you roſe up to Hunt, I ſhew'd you game,
Surpriz'd the Infant ſavage and his Dam,
Companion of your ſports, the toils did place,
And chear'd the ſwift pac'd Hounds upon the chaſe,
Upon the Trees your ſickle carv'd my name,
And ev'ry Beach is conſcious of your flame.

Well

Well I remember that tall Poplar Tree,
(Its Trunk is fill'd, and with Records of me,)
Which, may it live! on the Brooks margin ſet,
Has on its knotty Bark theſe Verſes writ:
When *Paris* lives not to *OEnone* true,
Back *Xanthus* ſtreams ſhall to their fountains flow,
Turn! Turn ye ſtreams! and *Xanthus* backwards goe!
The faithleſs *Paris* has forgot his Vow.

Calm was our love, bleſt with delightful eaſe,
Till a black ſtorm o'recaſt my former peace,
When the three Heav'nly Beauties bleſt thine eyes,
Deſign'd Thee Umpire to beſtow the prize.
As from your mouth the fatal Story came,
A ſwift cold trembling ſhot through all my frame.
To ancient Sages my juſt doubts I bear,
And all conclude ſome dreadful miſchief near.

Now the tall Pines into ſtrong Barks you ſhape,
Which ſweep the ſurface of the yielding deep,
From your ſwoln Eyes the Tears at parting crept,
Deny it not, nor be aſham'd you wept:

(Your

(Your Love was then no injury to your Fame
You daily burn in a more ſhameful flame.)
You wept, and on my Eyes you gazing ſtood,
Whoſe falling Tears increas'd the briny Flood.
About my Neck your wreathing Arms you flung,
Cloſer than Vines to their lov'd Elms you clung:
When for your ſtay you did the Tempeſts blame,
How oft they laugh'd who knew the Ocean calm
'Midſt thouſand Kiſſes, when you'd bid farewell,
Scarce could your tongue the fatal Meſſage tell.
You are embarqu'd: Againſt your Gally's ſide
The plying Oars beat up the foaming Tide:
Till hurry'd from my ſight, your Ships I view,
Then my Salt Tears the parched Sands bedew.
Soon, ye Sea Gods, again ſoon may he come
(I fondly pray'd) but to my ruin ſoon.
The Gods my wiſhes do ſucceſsful make,
But all, alas! for that curſt Strumpets ſake,
My Pray'rs into anothers Arms have brought
you back.

A vaſt high Rock there is, whoſe craggy ſides
Suſtain the fury of incroaching Tides.
Your Sails hence ſpy'd I hardly could delay,
Plung'd in the deep, to meet you by the way;
When one I ſaw, while a ſhort pauſe I made,
Upon the Deck in glorious Purple clad:
Gods! How I ſhook! Fear did my Soul poſſeſs
With horror to behold th' unuſual dreſs.
As nearer to the ſhore your Veſſel came,
I ſpy'd, O blaſting ſight! The charming Dame;
Nay more,— her wanton head (into the Sea
Why leapt I not?) upon your Boſom lay.
'Twas then I beat my Breaſt, and tore my Hair,
With all the ſymptomes of a deep deſpair.
I fill'd the Air with my diſtracted crys,
And *Ida's* Mount reſounded with the Noiſe.
Thence with dire imprecations I remov'd
Unto thoſe conſcious Caves, where once we lov'd.
Hear me, ye Gods! may the curſt *Helen* be
As wretched full as ſhe has render'd me;

May ſhe complain of falſe and broken Vows,
And pine, like me, for a regardleſs Spouſe.
Now they do charm, who from their Husbands fly,
And the wide Ocean plow, to follow thee;
When a poor Shepherd, a ſmall Flock you fed,
Then I, and only I, vouchſaf'd my Bed.
Nor think I ſue to be in Courts ador'd,
And own'd the Daughter of all *Aſia*'s Lord;
Tho' your great Parents need not be aſham'd,
When 'mongſt their many Children I am nam'd.
A Scepter would not ill become this hand,
So much I wiſh and merit to command.
Deſpiſe me not, becauſe with you I lay,
And paſs'd, on new fall'n leaves the well ſpent day;
For thy *OEnone*'s worthy of a Bed,
Not with Green leaves but gaudy Purple ſpread.
Safe you may ſleep and harmleſs in my Arms,
Your joys uninterrupted with alarms;
But with my Rival thus you muſt not live,
For *Greece* in Arms demands the fugitive.
Ruin is all the dowry ſhe can give.

Ask

Ask your grave Friends, with piercing wiſdom
fraught,
Whom many years have much experience taught,
Ask Sage *Antenor*, and your aged Sire,
If ſhe's to be reſtor'd whom they require:
Baſe man! your Country for her ſake deſtroy'd,
Shame's on your part, and juſtice on their ſide.
Or can you think that ſhe will conſtant prove,
Who was ſo eaſily intic'd to love?
When once debauch'd, our Sex for ever burn
In lawleſs fires; Vertue knows no return:
Diſhonour never gives a ſecond blow;
And once a Whore ſhe will be ever ſo.
But her firm love that ſcruple has remov'd,
Vain man! ev'n thus *Atrides* once ſhe lov'd.
Alone he lies poor cred'lous Cuckold now!
And does deplore what you e'rewhile muſt do.
Fool that he was to think ſhe could be true!
Happy *Andromache*! who juſtly art
Poſſeſſed of a firm and Loyal heart!

A Faith like hers thou haſt beheld in me,
And *Hector's* Vertue ſhould have ſhin'd in thee;
But thou art lighter than the ſapleſs Leaf,
Of which the Autumn blaſts the Trees bereave;
Or than the ſtalks of the well ripen'd Wheat
Made the Winds ſport by the Sun's parching heat.
Well I remember what your Siſter ſaid,
When the ſtronge God poſſeſs'd the furious Maid;
OEnone ceaſe to plow up fruitleſs Lands,
And ſow the Seed upon the barren Sands.
The *Grecian* Heifer comes who reaps thy joys,
The bane of *Troy*, and *Priam's* ancient Houſe.
She comes! forbid it heav'n: And in the deep.
Now, Now ye Gods ſink down the guilty Ship;
Now is the time to plunge it in the Flood,
It brings deſtruction and is fraught with blood.
She ſaid: Her people ſnatch'd her from my view,
As through the Woods full of the God ſhe flew.
Too true ſhe ſpoke! my joys that Heifer proves,
Does in my Groves and Flowry Meadows move,
And all the pleaſant paſtures of my love.

Fair

Fair tho' ſhe be, your *Helen* is a Whore
Whom each new face draws from her Native ſhore.
With *Theſeus* thus the falſe inconſtant fled;
But he untouch'd reſtor'd the ſpotleſs Maid.
Ah who can Faith to the forg'd Story yield?
His Veins with youthful blood and vigor fill'd,
A Lover too! could he his joys forbear?
And in poſſeſſion of his heav'n deſpair?
Miſcal not thus her ready flight a Rape,
Her wicked ſelf contriv'd the wiſh'd eſcape.
But I, falſe as you are, have kept my Vows,
Tho' your example would my Crimes excuſe.
Long time I liv'd a Tenant of the Groves,
The common object of the *Satyr*'s loves,
Me, *Faunus* too, who o're the Mountains fled,
Purſu'd, with Leafy Chaplets on his head;
And *Phœbus*, who, but with much force, obtain'd
That bliſs for which the reſt in vain complain'd.
I tore my hair, while my ſoft Limbs he preſt,
And that curſt face for which I was diſgrac'd.

No

No ſordid recompence of wealth I ſought,
That Creature's mean whoſe love is to be bought;
But me the grateful God with knowledge ſtor'd,
And the ſame Gifts for which himſelf's ador'd.
For no one Plant the fertil earth does yield,
But in its Vertues I am amply skill'd.
Wretch! of what uſe does thy vain knowledge prove,
No drug alas! can cure the wounds of love.
Not *Phœbus*'s ſelf the Author of our Art
Could in this caſe guard his Immortal heart:
Nought or from earth, or heaven can cure my wound,
In thee alone muſt my relief be found,
My *Paris* can, and he muſt pity ſhow,
To her who merits all he can beſtow;
For I am yours, with you of old did paſs,
In childiſh innocence my Infant days;
And I beſeech you Gods to fix my doom,
And give that bleſſing to the time to come.
So in his Arms to whom my Youth I lent,
Shall the remains of my bleſt life be ſpent.

A PARA-

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AUG

Yeates Sculp
Oenone

A

PARAPHRASE

On the Foregoing

EPISTLE

OF

OENONE

TO

PARIS.

BY

Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

TO thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,
Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
To thee I write, mine, whilst a Shepherds Swain,
But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.

Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd ſo ſoon divide
What Love, and all our Vows ſo firmly ty'd!
What God, our Loves induſtrious to prevent,
Curſt thee with power, and ruin'd my Content?
Greatneſs, which does at beſt but ill agree
With Love, ſuch Diſtance ſets 'twixt Thee and Me.
Whilſt thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdeſs,
My raging Paſſion can have no redreſs.
Wou'd God, when firſt I ſaw thee, thou hadſt been
This Great, this Cruel, Celebrated thing.
That without hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mixt my Adoration with the Crow'd;
Unwounded then I had eſcap'd thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe lovely Authors of my Miſeries.
Not that leſs Charms their fatal pow'r had dreſt,
But fear and awe my Love had then ſuppreſt:
My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wonder'd, and have wiſht that He,
Whom Heaven ſhou'd make me love, might look
like thee. More

More in a ſilly Nymph had been a ſin,
This had the height of my Preſumption been.
But thou a Flock did'ſt feed on *Ida's* Plain,
And hadſt no Title, but *The lovely Swain.*
A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.
Whilſt me a harmleſs Neighbouring Cottager
You ſaw, and did above the reſt prefer.
You ſaw! and at firſt ſight you lov'd me too,
Nor cou'd I hide the wounds receiv'd from you.
Me all the Village Herdſmen ſtrove to gain,
For me the Shepherds ſigh'd and ſu'd in vain,
Thou hadſt my heart, and they my cold diſdain.
Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and firſt born
Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my Native ſcorn.
My Love, like hidden Treaſure long conceal'd,
Cou'd only, where 'twas deſtin'd, be reveal'd.
And yet how long my Maiden bluſhes ſtrove
Not to betray the eaſie new-born Love.

But at thy ſight the kindling fire wou'd riſe,
And I, unskill'd, declare it at my eyes.
But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecſtaſie
Poſſeſt thy Soul at this Diſcovery.
Speechleſs, and panting at my feet you lay,
And ſhort-breath'd ſighs told what you cou'd not ſay.
A thouſand times my hand with kiſſes preſt,
And look'd ſuch Darts, as none cou'd e're reſiſt.
Silent we gaz'd and as my Eyes met thine,
New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and ſhame fill'd mine!
You ſaw the fears my kind diſorders ſhows,
And broke your Silence with a thouſand Vows!
Heavens, how you ſwore! by ev'ry Pow'r Divine!
You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!
Each God, a ſacred witneſs you invoke,
And wiſh'd their Curſe, when e're thoſe Vows you broke.
Quick to my Heart the perjur'd Accents ran,
Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.
Vows are Loves poyſon'd Arrows, and the heart
So wounded, rarely finds a Cure in Art.

At

At leaſt this heart which Fate has deſtin'd yours,
This heart unpractis'd in Loves myſtick pow'rs,
For I am ſoft, and young as *April* Flowers.

Now uncontroul'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!
Soft were our hours! and laviſhly the Day
We gave entirely up to Love and Play.
Oft to the cooling Groves, our Flocks we led,
And ſeated on ſome ſhaded flowry Bed,
Watch'd the united wantons as they fed.
And all the day my liſt'ning Soul I hung
Upon the charming Muſick of thy Tongue,
And never thought the bleſſed hours too long.
No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
Or had ſo ſoft an Art in whiſpering Love,
No wonder that thou wert Ally'd to *Jove*.
And when you pip'd or ſung, or danc'd, or ſpoke,
The God appear'd in every Grace, and Look.
Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,
The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-ſick Maids.

Thus whilſt all hearts you rul'd without Controul,
I reign'd the abſolute Monarch of your Soul.
Each *Beach* my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris, and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;
And as they grow, the Letters larger ſpread,
Grow ſtill a witneſs of my wrongs when dead!
Cloſe by a ſilent ſilver Brook there grows
A Poplar, under whoſe dear gloomy Boughs
A thouſand times we have exchang'd our Vows!
Oh may'ſt thou grow! to an endleſs date of years!
Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;
When Paris *to* OEnone *proves untrue,*
Back Xanthus *Streams ſhall to their Fountains flow.*
Turn! turn your Tide! back to your Fountains run!
The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!
Curſt be that day, may Fate point out the hour,
As Ominous in his black Kalender;
When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*
Deſcended to thee in the Mirtle Grove,

In

In ſhining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds:
Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty ſhrouds;
But every Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,
Left Heav'n to be ſurvey'd and judg'd by you.
To bribe thy voice, *Juno* wou'd Crowns beſtow,
Pallas more gratefully wou'd dreſs thy Brow
With wreaths of wit! *Venus* propos'd the choice
Of all the faireſt *Greeks*! and had thy Voice.
Crowns, and more glorious wreaths thou didſt deſpiſe,
And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
This when you told, Gods! what a killing fear
Did over all my ſhivering Limbs appear?
And I preſag'd ſome ominous Change was near!
The Bluſhes left my Cheeks, from every part
The Blood ran ſwift to guard my fainting heart.
You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd
Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd
Such Vows, as all my Terrours undeceiv'd.
But ſoon the envying Gods diſturb'd our Joys,
Declare thee great! and all my bliſs deſtroys!

And now the Fleet is Anchor'd in the Bay
That muſt to *Troy* the Glorious Youth convey.
Heavens! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace
At their firſt Homage beautify'd your Face!
Yet this no wonder, or amazement brought,
You ſtill a Monarch were in Soul and thought!
Nor cou'd I tell which moſt the ſight augments,
Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting diſcontents.
You kiſt the tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
And mingled yours with the ſoft falling tide,
And 'twixt your ſighs a thouſand times you ſaid,
Ceaſe my OEnone! *ceaſe my Charming Maid!*
If Paris *lives his Native* Troy *to ſee,*
My lovely Nymph, thou ſhalt a Princeſs be!
But my Prophetick fear no faith allows,
My breaking heart reſiſted all thy Vows.
Ah muſt we part, I cry'd! *thoſe killing words*
No further Language to my Grief affords.
Trembling, I fell upon thy panting Breaſt,
Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppreſt,
Whilſt ſighs and looks, all dying, ſpoke the reſt.

About

About thy neck my feeble arms I caſt,
Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* ſo faſt.
To ſtay, what dear excuſes didſt thou frame,
And fancied tempeſts when the Seas were calm?
How oft the winds contrary feign'd to be,
When they, alas, were only ſo to me!
How oft new Vows of laſting Faith you ſwore,
And 'twixt your Kiſſes all the old run o're.
But now the wiſely Grave, who Love deſpiſe,
(Themſelves paſt hope) do buſily adviſe,
Whiſper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne're hear.
For *Troy* they cry! theſe Shepherds weeds lay down,
Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
'But ſure that Crown does far leſs eaſie ſit,
'Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, leſs innocent and ſweet.
'Nor can thy Beds of State ſo grateful be,
'As thoſe of Moſs, and new fal'n Leaves with me!
Now tow'rds the *Beach* we go, and all the way
The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and Springs
ſurvey; That

That were ſo often conſcious to the Rites
Of ſacred Love, in our dear ſtol'n Delights.
With eyes all languiſhing, each place you view,
And ſighing cry'd, *Adieu, dear Shades, Adieu!*
Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to do,
Refuſe a Crown, or thoſe dear Shades forego!
Glory and Love! the great diſpute purſu'd,
But the falſe Idol ſoon the God ſubdu'd.
And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
Are looſned, to receive the flying Gales.
Whilſt I half dead on the forſaken Strand,
Beheld thee ſighing on the Deck to ſtand,
Wafting a thouſand Kiſſes from thy Hand.
And whilſt I cou'd the leſſening Veſſel ſee,
I gaz'd, and ſent a thouſand Sighs to thee!
And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore
Quick to return thee to our Ruſtick ſhore.
Now like a Ghoſt I glide through ev'ry Grove,
Silent, and ſad as Death, about I rove,
And viſit all our Treaſuries of Love!

This

This Shade th' account of thouſand Joys does hide,
As many more this murmuring Rivers ſide,
Where the dear Graſs, as ſacred, does retain
The print, where thee and I ſo oft have lain.
Upon this Oak thy Pipe, and Garland's plac'd,
That *Sycamore* is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.
Here feed thy Flocks, once lov'd, though now thy ſcorn;
Like me forſaken, and like me forloon!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd ſurvey
From far the blewiſh Shore, and diſtant Sea,
Whoſe hanging top with toyl I climb each day,
With greedy View the proſpect I run o're,
To ſee what wiſh'd for ſhips approach our ſhore.
One day all hopeleſs on its point I ſtood,
And ſaw a Veſſel bounding o're the Flood,
And as it nearer drew, I cou'd diſcern
Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern,
Upon the Deck a Canopy was ſpread
Of Antick work in gold and ſilver made,
Which mix'd with Sun-beams dazling Light diſ-play'd.

But

But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
(Curſt be the ſight) a fatal Beauty ſate,
And fondly you were on her Boſom lay'd,
Whilſt with your perjur'd Lips her fingers play'd;
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that hair,
Of which, as ſacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadſt thou ſeen me then in that mad ſtate,
So ruin'd, ſo deſign'd for Death and Fate,
Fix'd on a Rock, whoſe horrid Precipice
In hollow Murmurs wars with angry ſeas;
Whilſt the bleak winds aloft my Garments bear,
Ruffling my careleſs and diſhevel'd hair,
I look'd like the ſad ſtatue of Deſpair.
With out-ſtretch'd voice I cry'd, and all around
The Rocks and Hills my dire complaints reſound.
I rend my Garments, tear my flattering Face,
Whoſe falſe deluding Charms my ruine was.
Mad as the Seas in ſtorms, I breath deſpair,
Or Winds let looſe in unreſiſting air.

Raging

Raging and frantick through the Woods I fly,
And *Paris!* lovely, faithleſs, *Paris*; cry.
But when the Echo's ſound thy Name again,
I change to new variety of Pain.
For that dear Name ſuch tenderneſs inſpires,
As turns all Paſſion to Loves ſofter fires:
With tears I fall to kind Complaints again,
So tempeſts are allay'd by ſhow'rs of Rain.
Say, lovely Youth, why woud'ſt thou thus betray
My eaſie Faith, and lead my heart aſtray?
It might ſome humble Shepherds choice have been,
Had I that tongue ne're heard, thoſe eyes ne're ſeen.
And in ſome homely Cott, in low repoſe,
Liv'd undiſturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
All day by ſhaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
And in ſome honeſt Arms at night have ſlept.
Then unupbraided with my wrongs thou'dſt been
Safe in the Joys of the fair Grecian Queen:
What Stars do rule the Great? No ſooner you
Became a Prince, but you were perjur'd too.

Are

Are Crowns and Falſhoods then conſiſtent things?
And muſt they all be faithleſs who are Kings?
The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
Even tho' it renders me my *Paris* ſcorn.
And I had rather this way wretched prove,
Than be a Queen and faithleſs in my Love.
Not my fair Rival wou'd I wiſh to be,
To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee.
A ſpotleſs Maid into thy Arms I brought,
Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in thought.
Whilſt ſhe with Love has treated many a Gueſt,
And brings thee but the leavings of a Feaſt:
With *Theſeus* from her Country made Eſcape,
Whilſt ſhe miſcall'd the willing Flight, a Rape.
So now from *Atreus* Son, with thee is fled,
And ſtill the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.
And is it thus Great Ladies keep intire
That Virtue they ſo boaſt, and you admire?
Is this a trick of Courts, can Raviſhment
Serve for a poor Evaſion of Conſent?

Hard

Hard ſhift to ſave that Honour priz'd ſo high,
Whilſt the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
How much more happy are we Rural Maids,
Who know no other Pallaces than Shades?
Who want no Titles to inſlave the Crowd,
Leſt they ſhou'd babble all our Crimes aloud.
No Arts our Good to ſhow, our Ills to hide,
Nor know to cover faults of Love with Pride.
I lov'd, and all Loves Dictates did purſue,
And never thought it cou'd be ſin with you.
To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
For one ſoft hour with thee, my charming Swain,
Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of ſhame,
Cou'd it as well but ſatisfie my Fame.
But oh thoſe tender hours are fled and loſt,
And I no more of Fame, or thee can boaſt!
'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
'Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy.

'Tis

'Tis falſe and broken Vows make Love a ſin,
Hadſt thou been true, we innocent had been.
But thou leſs faith than *Autumn* leaves doſt ſhow,
Which ev'ry Blaſt bears from their native Bough.
Leſs weight, leſs conſtancy, in thee is born
Than in the ſlender mildew'd Ears of Corn.
Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my (hair,
Where myſtick Pinks, and Dazies mingled were,
You ſwore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:
And when with eager Kiſſes preſt my hand,
Have ſaid, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd Command!*
And if I danc'd, upon the flow'ry Green,
With charming, wiſhing eyes ſurvey my Miene,
And cry! the Gods deſign'd thee for a Queen!
Why then for *Helen* doſt thou me forſake?
Can a poor empty Name ſuch difference make?
Beſides, if Love can be a ſin, thine's one,
Since *Helen* does to *Menelaus* belong.
Be Juſt, reſtore her back, ſhe's none of thine,
And, charming *Paris*, thou art only mine.

'Tis

'Tis no ambitious flame that makes me sue
To be again belov'd, and blest with you;
No vain desire of being ally'd t' a King,
Love is the only Dowry I can bring,
And tender Love is all I ask again.
Whilst on her dang'rous smiles fierce war must wait
With fire and Vengeance at your Palace gate,
Rouze your soft slumbers with their rough Alarms,
And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:
Turn then fair Fugitive, e're 'tis too late,
E're thy mistaken Love procures thy fate;
E're a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,
And pierce that dear, that faithless heart of thine.

PARIS TO HELENA.

BY

Mr. *RICHARD DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris, *having ſail'd to* Sparta *for the obtaining of* Helen, *whom* Venus *had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by* Menelaus, Helens *Husband; but he being call'd away to* Crete, *to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his Grand-father* Atreus, *commends his Gueſt to the care of his Wife. In his abſence* Paris *Courts her, and writes to her the following Epiſtle.*

ALL health, fair Nymph, thy *Paris* ſends to thee,
Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a Paſſion that it ſelf has ſhewn?

Do's

Do's not my Love it ſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
Till time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply,
Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear.
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which do's it ſelf by its own Light reveal?
But if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,
I Love; you've there the word that do's impart
The trueſt Meſſage from my bleeding heart.
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair Phyſician, my Diſeaſe,
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant Paper grace,
As beſt become the Beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe Lines ſhall find
An Entertainment at your hands ſo kind,

For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The Gods, 'tis Heaven that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the Powers Divine
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as her ſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the Faithleſs Sea.
She with a kind and an auſpicious gale
Drove the good Ship, and ſtretch'd out ev'ry ſail.
For ſhe who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o're the main do's her wide Empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it, and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry Seas,

So

So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour, and deſir'd repoſe.
Hither my flames I brought, not found 'em here,
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:
For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy Coaſt.
Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main
To venture Life, like ſordid Fools, for gain.
No; may the Gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more.
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have Towns richer than your Cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from *Venus* due,
You were my wiſh, before your Charms I knew.
Bright Images of you my mind did draw
Long e're my eyes the lovely Object ſaw.
Nor wonder that with the ſwift winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:

So Fate ordain'd, and leſt you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate,
Now in my Mothers Womb ſhut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When ſhe in a myſterious Dream was told,
Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;
Frighted ſhe riſes, and her Viſion ſhe
To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he;
They ſing that I all *Troy* ſhould ſet on fire,
But ſure Fate meant the flames of my deſire.
For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,
My native greatneſs every thing diſclos'd.
Beauty, and ſtrength, and courage joyn'd in one,
Through all diſguiſe ſpoke me a Monarchs Son.
A place there is in *Ida's* thickeſt Grove
With Oaks and Fir-trees ſhaded all above,
The graſs here grows untoucht by bleating flocks,
Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.
From hence *Troy*'s Tow'rs magnificence and pride,
Leaning againſt an aged Oak, I ſpy'd.

When

When ſtraight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the ſtrange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
In the ſame inſtant *Jove's* great Meſſenger,
On all his Wings born through the yielding Air,
Lighting before my wondring Eyes did ſtand,
His Golden Rod ſhone in his ſacred hand:
With him three charming Goddeſſes there came,
Juno, and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.
With an unuſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
Till thus the God my ſinking Courage rais'd;
Fear not; *Thou are* Jove's *ſubſtitute below*,
The prize of heavenly beauty to beſtow;
Contending Goddeſſes appeal to you,
Decide their ſtrife; He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes ſurvey,
Each of 'em merited the Victory,
And I their doubtful Judge was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.

But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more pow'rful Charms my heart aſſail'd.
Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could move?
Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty bribes they all for Conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will Empires, *Pallas* Valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War;
But *Venus* gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake,
They're dangerous gifts, O do not, do not take!
I'll make Thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,
And Joys that in full tides for ever flow.
For, if you Judge the Conqueſt to be mine,
Fair Leda's *fairer Daughter ſhall be thine.*
She ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
Both to her Beauty, and her gift of you.
Mean while (my angry Stars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd Royal *Priam's* Son,

All

All the glad Court, all *Troy* does celebrate,
With a new Feſtival, my change of Fate.
And as I now languiſh and die for thee,
So did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.
You in full pow'r over a heart do reign,
For which a thouſand Virgins ſigh'd in vain:
Nor did Queens only fly to my imbrace,
But Nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race:
I all their Loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
Since hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleaſures then muſt you your ſelf impart,
Whoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpriz'd my heart?
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigh'r,
That was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!
For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd Object through the main.
I fell the ſtately Pine, and every Tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding Sea,

Fetch'd

Fetch'd from *Gargarian* Hills, tall Firs I cleave,
And *Ida* naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff Oaks I bend, and ſolid Planks I form,
And every Ship with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall Maſt I Sails and Streamers joyn,
And the gay Poops with painted Gods do ſhine.
But on my Ship does only *Venus* ſtand
With little *Cupid* ſmiling in her hand,
Guide of the way ſhe did her ſelf command.
My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt *Ægean* Sea,
My anxious Parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command:
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty Ships to ſail prepare,
Full of Prophetick fury cries aloud,
O whither ſteers my Brother through the flood?
Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed
To what a raging fire theſe waters lead.

True

True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt Shore my wiſh'd for haven find;
Your Husband then, ſo Heav'n, kind Heav'n ordains,
In his own Houſe his Rival entertains.
Shews me whate're in *Sparta* do's delight
The curious Travellers enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhew.
But at thy ſight; oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or leſs charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her Rival Goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But, Faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Even ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,
And all the World ſounds with fair *Helen*'s name;

Nor

Nor lives there ſhe whom pride it ſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe:
Do I ſpeak falſe? rather report do's ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your Beauty does your fame excell.
Well then might *Theſeus*, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his Theft but you;
I this bold theft admire: but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life it ſelf could part,
Than e're ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of Love I firſt would take,
Would firſt in all your blooming excellence
And Virgins ſweets feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;
Or if you would not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flow'r as it did grow.

Come

Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, Eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſt;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Scepters and Crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.
And when bright *Pallas* did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft imbrace from you I did prefer
To Courage, ſtrength, and all the Pomp of War.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of Heavenly race,
Nor will my Birth your mighty line diſgrace,
Pleias and *Jove*, our Noble Lineage Head,
And them a race of God-like Kings ſucceed.
All *Aſia*'s Scepters to my Father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his power allow;

There

There you ſhall ſee the Houſes rooft with Gold,
And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and divine Walls admire,
Built to the Conſort of *Apollo*'s Lyre.
What need I the vaſt flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks do's almoſt ſwell?
You ſhall gay troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,
And *Trojan* Wives ſhining in every ſtreet.
How often then will you your ſelf confeſs
The emptineſs and poverty of *Greece*?
How often will you ſay, one Palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole Cities here?
I ſpeak not this your *Sparta* to diſgrace,
For whereſoe're your Life began its race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt place.
Yet *Sparta*'s poor; and you that ſhould be dreſt
In all the Riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face.

That

That face with coſtly dreſs and rich attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the Habit of my *Trojans* ſee,
What, think ye, muſt that of their Ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor diſdain
A *Trojan* in your bed to entertain.
He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,
That to the Gods do's mix immortal Wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her roſie bed
The Goddeſs of the Morning bluſhing led;
So was *Anchiſes* of our *Trojan* race,
Yet *Venus* ſelf to his deſir'd imbrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did flie,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can
Compar'd with me, appear the greater Man.
I'me ſure my Father never made the Sun
With frighted Steeds from his dire banquet run:
No Grand-father of mine is ſtain'd with blood,
Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* flood.

None

None of our Race do's in the *Stygian* Lake
Snatch at thoſe Apples he wants pow'r to take.
But ſtay; ſince You with ſuch a Husband joyn,
Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.
He (Gods!) a wretch unworthy of thoſe charms,
Do's all the Night lie melting in your arms,
Do's every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luſcious ſweets of Love.
I but at Table one ſhort view can gain,
And that too, only to increaſe my pain:
O may ſuch Feaſts my worſt of Foes attend,
As often I at your ſpread Table find.
I loath my food when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your ſoft boſom lie.
I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd Palat grows.

Oft

Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with Wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What ſhall I do? your ſports with grief I ſee,
But 'tis a greater, not to look on Thee.
With all my Art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd,
Too well alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould ask, and I betray?
What tales of Love tell I when warm'd with Wine,
To your dear face applying every line.
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew,
They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.

Once I remember your looſe Garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,
Breaſts white as ſnow, or the falſe down of *Jove*,
When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love!
Whilſt with the ſight ſurpriz'd I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held, dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young *Hermione* but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, Love-ſongs I ſing,
And wafled kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your Women to my aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected Prayer.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the Victor Crown:
As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won,
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done,
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And my ſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay.

O

O thou, thy Houſes Glory, Brighter far
Than thy two ſhining Brothers friendly Star!
O worthy of the Bed of Heav'ns great King,
If ought ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,
Or here a wretched baniſh'd Lover die.
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;
I find my Siſter true did Propheſie,
I with a heavenly dart ſhould wounded die;
Deſpiſe not then a Love by Heaven deſign'd,
So may the Gods ſtill to your Vows be kind.
Much I could ſay, but what, will beſt be known
In your apartment when we are alone.
You bluſh, and with a ſuperſtitious dread,
Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed:
Ah! *Helen*, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch Beauty can from faults be free?
Or change that face, or you muſt needs be kind,
Beauty and Vertue ſeldom have been joyn'd.

Jove and bright *Venus* do our theſts approve,
Such theſts as theſe gave you your Father *Jove.*
And if in you ought of your Parents laſt,
Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Daughter well be chaſt?
Yet then be chaſt when we to *Troy* ſhall go;
(For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo.)
But let us now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
Then Marry and be innocent agen.
Ev'n your own Husband doth the ſame perſwade,
Silent himſelf, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead, and he, good man, becauſe
He'll ſpoil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other time to viſit *Crete?*
Oh! How prodigious is a Husbands Wit!
He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My Dear,
Inſtead of me, you of your Gueſt take care.
But you forget your Lord's Command I ſee,
Nor take you any care of Love or me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he do's know
The treaſure that he holds in holding you?

No,

No, did he underſtand but half your charms;
He durſt not truſt 'em in a ſtrangers arms.
If neither his nor my requeſt can move,
We're forc'd by Opportunity to Love;
We ſhould be fools, even greater fools than he,
Should ſo ſecure a time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual joys, our willing bodies joyn,
That happy night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine.
Then will I ſwear by all the Powr's above,
And in their awful preſence ſeal my Love.
Then if my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
I with our flight ſhall win you to comply;
But if nice Honour little ſcruples frame,
The force I'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
Of *Theſeus* and your Brothers I can learn,
No precedents ſo nearly you concern,
You *Theſeus*, they *Leucippus* Daughter ſtole.
I'll be the fourth in the illuſtrious roll.

Well man'd, well arm'd for you my Fleet do's ſtay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through *Troy*'s throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new Goddeſs here below.
Where e're you tread, Spices and Gums ſhall ſmoak,
And Victims fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,
All *Troy* to you with preſents ſhall reſort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid,
What there you'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, leſt War purſue our haſty flight,
And angry *Greece* ſhould all her force unite.
What raviſh'd Maid did ever Wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The *Thracians Orithya* ſtole from far,
Yet *Thrace* ne're heard the noiſe of following War.
Jaſon too ſtole away the *Colchian* Maid,
Yet *Colchos* did not *Theſſaly* invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole *Ariadne* too,
Yet *Minos* did not with all *Crete* purſue.

Fear

Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And when the threatning tempeſt once is o're,
Our ſhame's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from *Greece* a threatned War purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In Men and Horſe more numerous than *Greece*
Our Empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor do's your Husband *Paris* ought excel
In generous courage or in Martial skill.
Ev'n but a Boy from my ſlain Foes I gain'd
My ſtollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd;
Ev'n then o'recome by me I cou'd produce
Deiphobus and great *Ilioneus*.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain Arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e're my envy'd skill attain.
But could he, *Hector's* your ſecurity,
And he alone an Army is to me.

You know me not, nor the hid Proweſs find
Of him that Heav'n has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no War from *Greece* ſhall follow thee,
Or if it do's, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a Wife,
That prize would give the Coward's courage life.
All after ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in *Troy* ſhall find.

HELEN TO PARIS.

By the Right Honourable the

EARL of *MULGRAVE*,

AND

Mr. *DRYDEN*.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen, *having received the foregoing Epiſtle from* Paris, *returns the following Anſwer: Wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his Preſumption in Writing, as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Vertue; then owns her ſelf to be ſenſible of the Paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, tho ſhe much ſuſpect his Conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter ſhewing the extream artifice of Woman-kind.*

WHen looſe Epiſtles violate Chaſte Eyes,
She half Conſents, who ſilently denies:

How

How dares a ſtranger with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and Hoſpitable Rights prophane?
Was it for this, your Fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling Seas and every faithleſs wind?
(For tho a diſtant Country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?
Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain;
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſt,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd:
Tho in my face there's no affected Frown,
Nor in my Carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my Honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a Queen like me?
Becauſe a Hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?

Had

Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame:
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling Kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne're have let me go,
Where he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the Youth reſtor'd me to my Friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis vertue to repent a vicious deed;
Did he repent that *Paris* might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome Fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſie Tongues.
I'le not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with Love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face,
But all your Sex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours alas, too wiling to believe.

Yet

Yet others yield: and Love o'recomes the beſt,
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair *Leda*'s Story ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me;
But ſhe was Couſen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs Feathers felt a Rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the Loving Crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her pow'rful Lover loſt,
But of what *Jupiter* have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to Heroes, and to Kings ſucceed,
Our Famous Race does no addition need,
And great Alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that's come her ſelf from mighty *Jove.*
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place,
Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam*'s ancient Race,
Which I wou'd ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the firſt.
The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.

Your

Your Letter fill'd with promiſes of all
That Men can good, and Women pleaſant, call;
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As wou'd move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e're offend great *Juno*'s Laws,
Your ſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my Honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a Preſent I deſpiſe.
We like the Gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake;
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that Love has made you do:
Your eager Eyes would almoſt dazle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts
wou'd ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor, preſs my hand;

Con-

Contrive juſt after me to take the Glaſs,
Nor wou'd you let the leaſt occaſion paſs,
Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to my ſelf, he'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake:
Oft have I read within this pleaſing Grove,
Under my Name thoſe Charming words, *I Love*,
I frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your Flame,
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your Face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne're can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt Maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but vertue more ſhould move,
O learn of me to want the thing you Love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.

Like

Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore,
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more:
Oh! had you then upon our Coaſts been brought,
My Virgin Love, when thouſand Rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor could my Husband juſtly blame my Choice.
For both our hopes, alas you come too late!
Another now is Maſter of my Fate.
More to my wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak Woman's will,
And urge not her you Love, to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some Right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed Beauties prize.
One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns, but ſhe
Obtain'd her Cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch Nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a ſight.

Yet

Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd:
A Bribe ſo mean, your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhou'd my ſelf regard,
To think that *Venus* made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A Goddeſs's applauſe wou'd envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay, for 'tis confeſt,
The Men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For Miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had *Venus* voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'raignty,
Juno and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.
Am I your Empire then, and your renown?
What heart of Rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O you Powr's above,
How rude I am in all the Arts of Love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to Men;
This is th'Eſſay of my unpractis'd Pen:

Happy

Happy thoſe Nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made;
I think all Crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurprize.
For now the Rumour ſpreads among the Croud,
At Court in whiſpers, but in Town aloud:
Diſſemble you, what e're you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off Loving were your better way,
Yet if you will diſſemble it you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my Lord,
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his Journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of Conſequence away.
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he cou'd:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid I recommend
All to thy Care, but moſt my *Trojan* Friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, you ſhall be obey'd.

Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.
Abſent he is, yet abſent he Commands,
You know the Proverb, *Princes have long hands.*
My Fame's my burthen, for the more Imprais'd;
A juſter ground of jealouſie is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great Beauty through great danger is poſſeſt,
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my vertue was my Guard.
He fear'd my Face, but truſted to my Life,
The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife:
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſie Man.
I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and fear,
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual: and my Husband's gone,
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One Houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long denied:

Let

Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To joyn our Loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhou'd force im-
A Rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy. [ploy,
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our Sex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid! for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fires if each of us ſuppreſt.
The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,
And like themſelves, their wandring Paſſions range.
Hypiſipile, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,
Where both by truſting of their Gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you your ſelf did fair *OEnone* leave?
But leſt I ſhou'd upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that Crime to me;
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail while I aſſign the night,
Your Sails are hoyſted, and you take your flight:

Some bawling Mariner our Love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
To view the *Trojan* Wealth, and *Priam*'s Court,
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my Fame:
And fill a foreign Country with my ſhame.
In *Aſia* what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in *Greece* behind?
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
And what will all your modeſt Matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future Conduct juſtly may ſuſpect:
And what e'r Stranger Lands upon your Coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage, a Strumpet's Name ſhall hear,
While you forget, what part in it you bear.
You my Crimes Author, will my Crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, Oh let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my Command;

Your

Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me I deſpiſe;
My own poor Native Land has dearer ties.
Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?
Medea was by *Jaſons* flatt'ry won:
I may like her believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat
And Love contributes to its own deceit.
The Ships about whoſe ſides loud Tempeſts roar,
With gentle Winds were wafted from the Shore.
Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand
Sprung from her Womb conſum'd the *Trojan* Land.
To ſecond this, old Prophecies conſpire,
That *Ilium* ſhall be burnt with *Grecian* fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
For they who loſt their Cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend two Enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but ſhou'd I follow you,
The Sword wou'd ſoon our fatal Crime purſue:

A wrong ſo great my Husband's Rage wou'd rouze,
And my Relations wou'd his Cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your Strength and Courage, but alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your Face.
Let Heroes in the Duſty field delight,
Thoſe Limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid *Hector* ſally from the Walls of *Troy*,
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms imploy.
Yet fears like theſe, ſhou'd not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my Sex.
But time and you, may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private Conference,
Theſe are your words, But I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be Rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My Woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PENE-

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

BY

Mr. RHYMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen *having carried all the* Grecian *Princes to the Siege of* Troy; Ulyſſes *amongſt the reſt, there ſignaliz'd his manhood and prudence particularly. But the Siege at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains,* Penelope *ſends this Letter in queſt of him. She had rendered her ſelf as deſervedly famous on her part by reſiſting all the while the importunity of her Suitors with an unuſual conſtancy and fidelity. She complains to* Ulyſſes *of their carriage, ſhe likewiſe tells him her apprehenſions and fears for him during the War, and ſince; acquaints him with the ill poſture of his Family through his abſence, and deſires him to haſten home as the only means to ſet all right again.*

TO Your *Penelope* at length break home,
Send no excuſe, nor ſtay to write, but come.

Our trouble long, *Troy* does not hold you now;
Nor twenty *Troy*'s were worth all this ado.
Wou'd ſome juſt ſtorm and raging Seas had drown'd
The Ruffian, when for *Lacedemon* bound;
I ſhould not then of tedious days complain,
Nor cold a nights and comfortleſs have lay'n:
Nor ſhould this pains to paſs the evenings take,
And work, and weave ev'n till my fingers ake.
I always fear'd worſe dangers than the true,
(As always Love unquiet fears purſue)
Fancy'd thee by fierce *Trojans* compaſt round,
And *Hector*'s name ſtill ſtruck me to the ground.
When told of *Neſtor*'s Son, by *Hector* ſlain,
Streight *Neſtor*'s Son rouz'd all my fears again.
When for his ſham how dear *Patroclus* paid:
I wept to find that wit no better ſped.
Tlepolemus by *Trojan* javelin kill'd,
Through all my veins an icy terror thrill'd.
Whatever *Greeks* miſcary'd in the fray,
I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.

Heaven

Heaven for chaſt Love has better fate in ſtore,
My Husband lives, and *Troy* is now no more.
Our Captains well return'd, each Altar flames,
And Temples all Barbarian Booty crams;
For their ſafe Loves the Women Offrings bring.
And *Trojan* Fates by ours defeated Sing.
All ſtand amaz'd to hear, both old and young,
And liſtening Wives upon their Husbands hung.
Some on the Table draw each bloody fight,
And ſpilling Wine the whole ſad *Iliad* write.
This *Simois*, that the *Sigean* Land,
And there did *Priams* lofty Palace ſtand.
Here Skulkt *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles* dar'd,
There *Hector* torn, the foaming Horſes ſcar'd.
All did Old *Neſtor* to your Son explain;
To ſeek you ſent, who told me all again,
Your Sword how *Dolon*, no, nor *Rheſus* ſcap'd,
Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.
Fool-hardy you, and us remembring ill,
Nightly amidſt thoſe *Thracian* Tents to ſteal,

There

There numbers ſlay, one onely aiding thee,
Thou haſt been wife, and would'ſt have thought on me.
Still part I, told, how all in triumph brave,
Round your friends Camp thoſe *Thracian* Steeds you drave.
But what avails it me that *Troy* did yield,
And by your Prowes, the Town is now a Field?
As when *Troy* ſtood, I ſtill remain alone,
Th' effect continues, though the cauſe is gone.
To others ſack'd, to only me upheld,
Ev'n whil'ſt it lies by *Greek* abiders till'd.
For *Priams* Towers, now lofty Corn appears,
And *Phrygian* blood a pond'rous harveſt rears.
No Houſe remains, nought of a *Trojan* found,
Unleſs you dig their bones from under ground.
Where art thou Conqueror? what detains thee now?
Or may not I your new Atchiev'ments know?
What-ever Skipper hither come a ſhore,
For thee I ask, and ask him o're and o're;
Nor parts he, till I ſcribble half a Sheet,
To give thee, ſhould you ever chance to meet.

We

We ſent to *Pylos Neſtors* ancient ſeat,
From *Pylos* we no certain tydings gat:
To *Sparta* ſent, the *Spartans* nothing know,
What courſe you ſteer, nor where you wander now.
Wou'd thoſe ſame God-built Walls were ſtanding ſtill,
(Now I repent that e're I wiſh'd 'em ill)
Then where thou fought'ſt, I ſurely ſhould have learn'd,
Nor ſave for War, the common grievance, mourn'd.
Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,
And a wild field lies open to my care.
By Sea, or Land whatever dangers ſway,
Thoſe I ſuſpect the Cauſes of your ſtay.
Whilſt thus I ſimply muſe, who knows your mind,
Perhaps abroad ſome other Love you find:
Perhaps to her your dowdy Wife define,
Who knows no more, ſo that her Cupboard ſhine.
No; vaniſh jealous thoughts nor fright me more,
He wou'd be with me, were it in his power.

My

My Sire would force me from my Widows Bed,
Blames my delay, and chides, and ſhakes his head,
Let him chide on, yours ſtill, yours only, I,
Penelope, *Ulyſſes* Wife will die.
Yet by my Chaſte deſires, and vertue bent,
His temper does a little now relent.
From *Crete* and *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zant* ſet out,
To Court me come a wild unruly rout;
Who revel in your houſe without controul,
And eat, and waſte your means, our blood and Soul.
Of *Medon*, *Polybus*, *Piſander*, fell
Eurymachus, alas, why ſhould I tell?
With many more, you (ſadly out o'th' way)
Feed here, and on your ſubſtance let 'em prey.
The Beggar *Irus*, and that Goat-herd Clown,
Melanchius range and rummage up and down.
So kept your houſe, ſuch ſtout defenders we,
A helpleſs Wife, old Man and little Boy.
Whom late by treach'ry we had well nigh loſt,
'Gainſt all our minds as he to *Pylos* croſt,

But

But Heavens preſerve him till he die in courſe,
Having firſt clos'd mine eyes, and alſo yours.
Thus the old Nurſe, the *Hind*, and *Hogherd* pray;
True Servants all, and faithful in their way.
Diſarm'd by age, *Laertes* is not fit,
Amidſt thoſe Bullies to maintain your right,
Age, if he lives, *Telemachus* may bring
To ſtrength, but yet he needs his Fathers wing.
I, what am I? Alas my help is ſmall,
Come you the ſtrength and ſafety of us all,
So may your Son in vertuous Arts increaſe,
So may the Old *Laertes* die in peace.
Who in my Bloom did at your parting mourn,
I wither'd grow, in waiting your return.

HYPSIPYLE *to* JASON.

BY

Mr. *SETTLE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece, put Jason *upon a Voyage to* Colchos. *In his passage, he stop'd at the Island of* Lemnos, *of which place* Hypsipyle *was then Queen, famed for her pious saving of her Father* Thoas, *in a general Massacre of the Men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of* Jason *so kind, as induced him to stay there two years, at the end of which he left the Island, and the Queen, (then big with Child;) and after a thousand Vows of Constancy, and a speedy return, pursues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at* Colchos, *where* Æta *was King.* Medea *his Daughter falls deeply in Love with* Jason, *and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden Fleece; with which and* Medea, *he secretly sail'd home to* Thessaly. Hypsipyle *hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival* Medea, *writes him this Epistle.*

LAden, they say, with *Jasons* Golden Prize,
Proud *Argo* in *Thessalia's* Harbour lies.

I would

I would congratulate your safe return;
But from your pen I should that safety learn.
When from my slighted Coast you bore away,
Spight of the winds, you show'd less Faith, than They.
If 'twas too much t' enjoy my dearest Lord,
Sure I deserv'd one Line, one tender word.
Why did Fame first, and not their Conqueror, show,
How Wars Fierce God saw his tam'd Bulls at Plough.
How th' Earth-born Warriours rose, and how they fell
By their own Swords, without your Conquering steel.
How in your Charms the fetter'd Dragon lay,
Whil'st your bold hand bore the curl'd Gold away.
When doubtful Tongues shall *Jason*'s wonders tell,
Would I could say, see here's my Oracle.
But tho' unkind Loves silence I deplore,
Your heart still mine, I would desire no more.
But ah, that hope is vain;——a Witch destroys
My fancied pleasures, and my promis'd Joys.

Would

Would I could ſay (but, oh, Loves fear's too ſtrong!)
Would I could ſay I guiltleſs *Jaſon* wrong.
Lately a Gueſt came from th' *Hemonian* Land:
My door ſcarce reach'd, with tranſport I demand
How fares my *Jaſon?* His ſad look he bore,
Fixt with an ominous ſilence on the floor.
My Robes I tore, and thus, with horrour, cry'd
Lives he! or with one wound both hearts muſt bleed?
He lives, ſaid he, to which I made him ſwear:
He ſwore by *Heav'n*, yet I retain'd my Fear.
My ſenſe return'd to ask your Deeds, he ſaid,
That the yok'd Bulls of *Mars* in Chains you led.
The Snakes own Teeth a crop of Heroes bore,
Whil'ſt a rough native caſe their Limbs huskt o're.
And by their own Inteſtine Fury ſlain;
One Days ſhort Age compleats their active Reign,
Again I ask, does my dear *Jaſon* live?
Such Ebbs and Flows Loves fears and hopes do give.
He fatally proceeds, and with much Art,
Would hide, yet ſhews the falſeneſs of your heart.

Ah,

Ah, where's your Nuptial Faith, that flattering ſtile,
Loves Torch, more fit to light my Funeral pile!
I have no lawleſs plea to *Jaſon's* Love;
Juno and *Hymen* our juſt Chaplets wove:
Ah no! not theſe mild Gods: *Erinnys* hand,
At our curſt Rites, held her infernal Brand.
Why to my *Lemnos* did your Veſſel ſteer?
Or why, fond fool, did I admit you here?
Here no bright Ram with golden glory ſhone,
Nor was my *Lemnos* the *Ætean* Throne.
At firſt— (but Fates all faint Reſolves withſtand)
I thought t' expel you with a Female hand.
The *Lemniam* Ladies are in Arms well skill'd:
Their Guard has been my Lives ſecureſt ſhield.
But in my City, Roof, my Soul received,
For two bleſt years my darling *Jaſon* lived.
Forc'd the third Summer to a ſad Farewel,
Mixt with his Tears theſe parting Accents fell.
Do not at our divided Fates repine,
Thine I depart, to return ever Thine.

May our yet unborn pledge live long to prove
The object of its Rival Parents Love,
'Twixt ſighs and Tears, through thoſe falſe gales did (pour
Theſe falſer ſhowrs, till grief could ſpeak no more.
You were the laſt the fatal *Argo* reach'd,
Whoſe ſwelling Sails th' o'rehaſty winds had ſtretch'd
The furrowing Keel the Seas green ſurface plough'd:
You to the Shore, to th' Seas I gazing bow'd.
In haſt I ran to an adjacent Tow'r:
My Tears o're all my face and boſom ſhowr.
There my wet eyes my wafted Soul purſue,
And ev'n beyond their natural opticks flew.
A thouſand Vows for your return I made,
You are return'd, and they ſhould now be pay'd.
My Vows for curs'd *Medea*'s Triumphs pay!
My Heart to Grief, my Love to Rage gives way.
Shall I deck Temples, and make Altars ſhine,
For that falſe Man that lives, but lives not mine!
I never was ſecure. 'Twas my long dread,
You by your Fathers choice a *Greek* might wed.

To

To no *Greek* Bride, t'an unexpected Foe,
My wounds I t' a Barbarian Harlot owe:
One who by Spells and Herbs, does hearts ſurprize:
Nor are her ſlaves the Trophies of her Eyes.
She from her courſe the ſtrugling Moon would hold,
The Sun himſelf in Magick ſhades infold.
She curbs the Waves, and ſtops the rapid Floods,
And from their ſeats removes whole Rocks and Woods.
With her diſhevell'd Hair the wandring Hag
Does half-burnt Bones from their warm Aſhes drag.
In moulten wax, tho' abſent, kills by Art,
Arm'd with her Needle, goars a tortur'd Heart.
Nay, what Deſert and Form ſhould only move,
By Philters ſhe ſecures her *Jaſon's* Love.
How can you doat on ſuch Infernal Charms,
And ſleep ſecurely in a *Syrens* Arms?
You, as the Bulls, ſhe does t'her Yoke ſubdue,
And as ſhe tam'd the Dragons, Conquers you.

Though your great Deeds, and no lefs Race you boaſt,
Link'd to that Fiend your ſullied Fame is loſt.
Nay by the cenſuring World 'tis juſtly thought,
Your Conqueſts by her Sorceries were wrought;
And the *Phryxean* Ram's Triumphant Oar,
They ſay, not *Jaſon*, bur *Medea* bore.
This Northern Bride your Parents diſapprove?
Conſult your Duty in your Nobler Love.
Let ſome wild *Scythian* her loath'd bed poſſeſs,
A Miſtreſs only fit for Savages.
Jaſon more falſe, more changeable than wind,
Have Vows no weight, and Oaths no pow'r to bind?
Mine you departed; ah, return mine too,
Let my kind Arms their long loſt Scenes renew.
If high Birth, and great Names your Heart can turn,
Know, I'm the Royal *Thoas* Daughter born.
Bacchus my Grandſire is, whoſe Bride divine,
All Leſſer Conſtellations does out-ſhine.

My

My Dow'r Theſe and my Fertil *Lemnos* make,
All theſe and me, thy Equal Title take.
Nay I'm a Mother: A kind Father be,
And ſoften all the pains I've born for thee.
Yes Heaven with twins has bleſt our Genial Bed;
And would you in their Looks their Father read.
His treacherous ſmiles they are too young to wear,
In all things elſe you'll find your Picture there;
I had ſent thoſe Envoys in theſe Letters ſtead,
Both for their own and Mothers wrongs to plead.
Had not their Stepdames Murthers bid 'em ſtay,
Too dear a Treaſure for that Monſters prey.
Would her deaf Rage, that rent her Brother's Bones,
Spare my young blood, or hear their tend'rer Groans?
Yet in your Arms this dearer Traitreſs lies;
Above my truth, you this falſe Poyſoner prize.
This mean Adult'rate wretch was baſely kind;
Loves ſacred Lamp our chaſt imbraces joyn'd.
Her Father ſhe betray'd, mine lives by me,
I *Lemnos* Pride, ſhe *Colchos* Infamy.

And thus her guilt my Piety outvies,
Whilſt with her Crimes her Dow'r your heart ſhe (buys.
Falſe Man, I blame, not wonder at the Rage
O'th' *Lemnian* Dames: Wrongs do all Arms ingage.
Suppoſe in vengeance to your Guilt, juſt Heav'n
Had on my ſhore the perjur'd *Jaſon* driven;
Whilſt I with my young Twins to meet you came,
And made you call on Rocks to hide your ſhame.
How could you look upon my Sons and Me?
Traytor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?
Perhaps indeed I *Jaſon* had not hurt,
But 'tis my mercy more than his Deſert:
The Harlots blood had ſprinkled all the Place,
Daſh'd in your faithleſs, and once charming Face.
I to *Medea*, ſhould *Medea* prove,
And if *Jove* hears the pray'rs of injur'd Love,
May that loath'd Hag that has my Bed injoy'd,
Be by my Fate, and her own Arts deſtroy'd.
Like me a Mother, and a Wife forlorn,
Be from her Raviſh'd Lord, and Children torn.

May

May her ill gotten Trophies never laſt,
But round the World be th' hunted Monſter chac'd.
Thoſe Dooms her Sire, and Murther'd Brother met,
May ſhe t'her Husband and her Sons repeat.
Driv'n from the World, let her attempt the Skies,
Till in deſpair by her own hand ſhe dies.
Thus wrong'd *Thoantias* prays, your Lives curſt Remnant lead,
An Execrable Pair in a Deteſted Bed.

MEDEA TO JASON.

BY

Mr. *TATE.*

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon *arrives with his Companions at* Colchos, *where the Golden Fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake ſeveral Adventures; firſt to yoke the Wild Bulls, then to ſow the Serpents Teeth; from whence ſhould inſtantly riſe an Army, with which he muſt incounter; and laſtly, to make his paſſage by the Dragon that never ſlept. In order to this, he ſolicits* Medea *Daughter to the King, and skilful in Charms, by whoſe aſſiſtance (on Promiſe of Love) he gains the Prize. Then flies with her; the King purſues them,* Medea *kills her little*

little Brother, ſcatters his Limbs, and whil'ſt the King ſtays to gather them up, eſcapes with her Lover into Theſſaly; *where ſhe reſtores decrepit* Æſon *to his Youth. On the ſame promiſe perſwades* Pelias *his Daughters to let out their Fathers Blood, but deceitfully leaves them Guilty of Parricide. For this and other Crimes,* Jaſon *caſts her off: Marries* Creuſa *Daughter to* Creon *King of* Corinth, *on which the inrag'd* Medea, *according to the various Tranſports of her Paſſion, writes this complaining, ſoothing, and menacing Epiſtle.*

YEt I found leiſure, though a Queen, to free
By Magick Arts thy *Grecian* Friends and Thee;
The Fates ſhou'd then have finiſh'd with my Reign,
The Life that ſince was one continued Pain.
Who wou'd have dreamt the Youth of diſtant *Greece*,
Shou'd e're have ſail'd to ſeize the *Phrygian* Fleece!
That th' *Argo* ſhou'd in View of *Colchos* Ride!
A *Grecian* Army ſtem the *Phaſian* Tide!

Why

Why were thoſe ſnares, thy Locks, ſo tempting made!
A Tongue ſo falſe, ſo pow'rful to perſwade!
No doubt but He that had ſo raſhly ſought
Our Shore with the fierce Bulls unſpell'd had fought,
And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had ſown,
'Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'rethrown.
How many Frauds had then expir'd with Thee!
As many killing griefs remov'd from me!
'Tis ſome Relief when ill returns are made,
With Favours done, th'Ingrateful to upbraid;
This Triumph will afford ſome little Eaſe,
Falſe *Jaſon* leaves me This——

When firſt your doubtful Veſſel reacht our Port,
And you had entrance to my Fathers Court:
There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,
My Royal Father might with her's compare.
With Princely Pomp was your arrival grac'd,
The meaneſt *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.
Then firſt I gaz'd my Liberty away!
And date my Ruin from that fatal day!

Fate

Fate puſht me on, and with your Charms combin'd;
I view'd your ſparkling Eyes 'till I was blind.
You ſoon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide
A flame that by its own Light is deſcry'd?
But now that Task's propos'd, and thou muſt tame
The Bulls with brazen Hooſs, and Breath of Flame
With theſe the fatal field thou art to Plow,
From whence a ſudden Hoſt of Foes muſt grow.
Thoſe dangers paſt, ſtill to the Golden prey
The baleful fiery Dragon guards the Way.
Thus ſpake the King; your Knights ſtart from the feaſt,
And ev'n your cheeks a pale deſpair confeſt.
Where then was your ador'd *Creuſa*'s Dow'r?
And where her Father *Creon*'s boaſted Pow'r?
Sad went'ſt thou forth; my pitying Eyes purſue,
I ſigh'd, and after ſent a ſoft Adieu!
In reſtleſs Tears I ſpent that tedious night,
Preſenting ſtill thy dangers to my ſight;
The Savage Bulls, and more the Savage Hoſt,
But th' horrid Serpent did affright me moſt!

Thus

Thus toſt with Fear and Love, (Fear ſwell'd the (Flame)
My Siſter early to my Apartment came;
Sad and dejected ſhe ſurpriz'd me There,
With Eyes diſtilling, and diſhevelled Hair,
On your behalf ſhe ſought me, nor cou'd crave
My Aid for you, ſo freely as I gave!
A Grove there is, an awful gloomy ſhade,
Too cloſe for ev'n the Sun himſelf t'invade;
Theſe Woods with great *Diana*'s Fane we grac'd,
I'th' midſt the Goddeſs on high Tripods plac'd.
There (if that place you can remember yet,
Who have forgotten Me) 'twas there we met.
Then, thus in ſoft deluding ſounds you ſaid—
"Take pity on our ſufferings, Royal Maid!
"Reſt pleas'd, Thou haſt the Pow'r to Kill but give
"Proofs of Diviner Might, and make us Live!
"By our diſtreſſes (which thy Art alone,
"Has Pow'r to ſuccour,) By th' all ſeeing Sun,
"By the Chaſt Deity that Governs Here,
"And what e're elſe you Sacred hold or Dear,

"Take

"Take pity on our Youth, and bind us ſtill
"Eternal Servants to *Medea*'s Will!
"And if a Strangers Form can touch your mind,
"(If ſuch bleſt Fate was e're for me deſign'd!)
"This Fleſh to Duſt diſſolve, this Spirit to Air
"When I think any but *Medea* Fair.
"Be conſcious *Juno*, witneſs to my Vow,
"And this dread Goddeſs at whoſe Shrine we Bow.
Your charming Tongue ſtopt here, and left the reſt
To be by yet more powerful Tears, expreſt.
I yield——and by my Art inſtruct you now,
To yoke the braſs hooft Bulls, and make 'em Plow.
Then with a daring Hand you ſow the Field,
That for an Harveſt do's an Army yield;
Ev'n I look'd pale, that gave the powerful Charms
To ſee the wondrous Crop of ſhining Arms!
Till th' Earth-born Brothers in fierce battle joyn'd,
Their ſudden Lives more ſuddenly reſign'd:
The Serpent next, a yet more dangerous toil,
With ſcaly Boſom Plows the yielding Soil,

O'reſhades

O'reſhades the Field with vaſt expanded wings,
And brandiſhes in Air his threatning Stings!
Where was *Creuſa* at this needful Hour?
Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchleſs Dow'r?
Medea, that *Medea*, that is now
Deſpis'd, thought Poor, held guilty too by You,
'Twas ſhe that Charm'd the wakeful Dragons ſight,
Gave you the Fleece, and then ſecur'd your Flight:
To merit you, what cou'd I more have done?
My Father I betray, my Country ſhun,
And all the Hazards of an Exile run!
Tho', whilſt I yield me thus a Robbers Prize,
My tender Mother in my abſence dies,
And at her Feet my breathleſs Siſter lies.
Why left I not my Brother too?—cold fear
Arreſts my Hand, and I muſt finiſh here!
This hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,
What then it dar'd to Act, dreads now to write.
To the rough Seas undaunted I repair,
For after Guilt, what can a Woman Fear?

Why

Why ſcap'd our Crimes thoſe Seas? we ſhou'd have (dy'd;
For falſhood Thou, and I for Parricide.
The juſtling Iſles ſhou'd there have daſh'd our Bones,
And hung us piece-meal on the ragged ſtones;
Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in her rav'nous Den,
Wrong'd *Scylla* thus ſhou'd uſe ingrateful Men!
Charybdis too ſhou'd in our Fate have ſhar'd,
Nor ought of our ſad wreck her Whirl-pool ſpar'd.
Yet ſafe we reach your Shore; the *Phrygian* Fleece
Is made an Off'ring to the Gods of *Greece*.
The *Pelian* Daughters pious bloody Deed
I paſs, that raſhly made their Father bleed;
Your ſafety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud,
The Guilt that others Blame, you ſhou'd Applaud!
But ſtead of thanks, your Court I am forbid:
Your ſelf forbad me, faithleſs *Jaſon* did!
With none but my two Infants I depart,
And *Jaſon's* Form, that ne're forſakes my Heart;

At

At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs ſurprize
My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes.
The Rabble ſhout, the Clamour nearer drew,
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:
My Servants weep in corners, and refuſe
The ingrateful task of ſuch unwelcome News!
I yet forbear t'enquire, tho' ſtill my Breaſt
The dreadful Apprehenſions did ſuggeſt.
My youngeſt Boy now from the Window ſpy'd
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,
" Look, Mother, look! ſee where my Father Rides,
" With ſhining Reins his Golden Chariot Guides.
At this, my pale forſaken Breaſt I tore,
Nor ſpar'd the Face, whoſe Beauties charm no more.
Alas! what did I ſpare, ſcarce cou'd I ſpare
My Honour, ſcarcely thee, cou'd ſcarce forbear
To force my Paſſage to thy Chariot now,
And tear the Garland from thy perjur'd Brow.
Offended Father, now thy griefs diſcharge!
My Brothers Blood is now reveng'd at large.

The

The man (for whom I fled and injur'd Thee!
Whoſe Love ſole comfort of my Flight cou'd be)
Th' ingrateful Man has now forſaken Me!
I tam'd the Bulls and cou'd the Serpent bind,
But for perfidious Love no ſpell can find:
The Dragons baleful Fires my Arts ſuppreſt,
But not the Flames that rage within my breaſt.
In Love my powerfull'ſt Herbs are uſeleſs made,
In vain is *Hecat* ſummon'd to my Aid;
I ſigh the Day, the Night in watches ſpend,
No ſlumbers on my careful brows deſcend:
With *Poppies* juice in vain my Eyes I ſteep,
And try the Charm that made the Dragon ſleep.
I only reap no Profit from my Charms!
They ſav'd, but ſav'd thee for my Rivals Arms!
There, 'cauſe you know the Theam will grateful be,
Perhaps y' are ſo Unjuſt to' exclaim on me!
To tax my Manners, Rally on my face,
And make th' Adultreſs ſport with my diſgrace!

Laugh on Proud Dame; but know thy Fate is nigh,
When thou ſhalt yet more wretched be than I!
When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd ſits ſtill,
Sword, Flame, and Poyſon, have forgot to Kill.

If Pray'rs the flinty *Jaſon*'s breaſt can move,
My juſt Complaint will ſure ſucceſsful prove.
Stretcht at thy Feet a ſuppliant Princeſs ſee;
Such was thy Poſture, when ſhe pity'd Thee.
And tho' a Wife's diſcarded Title fail,
My Infants ſtill are Thine, let them prevail!
So much th' are thine, ſo much thy likeneſs bear,
Each look I caſt, is follow'd by a tear.

Now by the Gods, by all our paſt delights,
By thoſe dear Pledges of our am'rous Nights,
Reſtore me to thy Love; I claim my due,
Be to my Merit, and thy Promiſe true.
I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,
To ſet me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free;
I only crave thy Love, thy Love reſtore,
For which I've done ſo much, and ſuffer'd more.

Do'ſt

Do'ſt thou demand a Dow'r?--- 'twas paid that day
When thou didſt bear the Golden Fleece away:
Thy Life's my Dow'r, and by thy dear Followers health,
The Youth of *Greece*; weigh theſe with *Creon*'s wealth.
To me thou ow'ſt that thou art *Creon*'s Heir,
That now thou liv'ſt to call *Creuſa*, Fair!
You've wrong'd me All, and on you All--but hold,
I form Revenge too mighty to be told!
My thoughts are now to th' utmoſt Ruin bent!
Perhaps I ſhall the fatal Rage repent,
But on — for I (what e're the michief be)
Shall leſs repent than that I truſted thee!
The God alone that Rages in my Breaſt,
Can ſee the dark revenge my thoughts ſuggeſt;
I only know 'twill ſoon effected be,
And when it comes, be Vaſt, and Worthy Me.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

BY

Mr. *OTWAY.*

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *The Son of* Ægeus, *having ſlain the* Minotaur, *promiſed to* Ariadne *the Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *for the aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Siſter* Phædra, *they went on Board and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd By* Bacchus, *he left* Ariadne, *and Married her Siſter* Phædra, *who afterwards in* Theſeus *her Husbands Abſence, fell in Love with* Hippolytus *her Son in Law, who had Vow'd* Cœlibacy, *and was a Hunter: Wherefore ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe; ſhe choſe by this Epiſtle to give him an Account of her Paſſion.*

IF Thou'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall health enjoy;
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my Lovely Boy:

Read

Read this, and reading how my Soul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus ſecrets ſafe to fartheſt Shores may move;
By Letters Foes converſe and learn to Love.
Thrice my ſad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faultring tongue abortive dy'd:
Long ſhame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſht to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to reſiſt the pow'r of Love.
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breaſt of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'le looſe no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it (fair;
But Love long breeding, to worſt pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the Young Bull or Courſer yet untam'd,
When Yok'd or Bridl'd firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd.

So my unpractis'd heart in Love can find
No reſt, th' unwonted weight ſo toils my mind.
When young, loves pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we Love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And prithee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new blown bluſhing (Roſe,
Or the ripe Fruit that Courts him as it grows?
But if my Vertue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for ſpotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh in thy Love I ſhall no hazard run;
'Tis not a ſin, but when 'tis courſely done.
And now ſhould *Juno* yield her *Jove* to me,
I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee:
Believe me too with ſtrange deſires I change,
Amongſt Wild Beaſts I long with Thee to range,
To thy Delights and *Delia* I encline,
Make her my Goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:
I long to know the Woods, to drive the *Deer*,
And o're the Mountains tops my Hounds to chear,

Shaking

Shaking my Dart, then, the Chaſe ended, lie
Stretch'd on the graſs, and would'ſt not thou be by?
Oft in light Chariots I with pleaſure ride,
And love my ſelf the furious Steeds to guide.
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I ſtray,
Or Old *Cybele*'s Prieſts, as mad as they
When under *Ida*'s Hill they Offrings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright:
But ſtill each little Interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis Love breeds all my pain:
Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all,
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came.
And to a Bull transform'd, Enjoy'd the Dame:
She, like my Mother, languiſht to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with ſhame as well as pain:
The faithleſs *Theſeus* by my Siſters Aid
The Monſter ſlew, and a ſafe Conqueſt made:

Now in that Family my right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame terms a ſlave:
'Twas fatal to my Siſter and to me,
She lov'd thy Father, but my choice was thee.
Let Monuments of Triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
When firſt our Vows were at *Eleuſis* pay'd,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect Conqueſt gain,
Whilſt Loves fierce Fever rag'd in ev'ry vein;
White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head:
A modeſt bluſh thy comely face o'reſpread.
That Face which may be terrible in Arms,
But Graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of Charms:
I Love the man whoſe faſhion's leaſt his care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whil'ſt thus plain thy careleſs Locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd form is Beauty in my Eye:
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:

To

To ſee thee poiſe the *Javelin*, moves delight,
And all thou do'ſt is lovely in my ſight:
But to the Woods thy cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a life as mine:
Muſt cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
Muſt ſhe have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
That pleaſure palls if 'tis Enjoy'd too long,
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For *Cynthia*'s ſake unbend and eaſe thy Bow;
Elſe to thy Arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was ſlain,
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,
Who wiſely left Old Age for Youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading ſhades her Am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* could injoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* ſought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next bleſt *Sylvan* pair:
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Deſarts are.

With

With thee through dang'rous ways unknown before,
I'le rove and fearleſs face the dreadful Boar.
Between two Seas a little *Iſthmus* lies,
Where on each ſide the beating Billows riſe,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my Native *Crete.*
As we could wiſh, Old *Theſeus* is away
At *Theſſaly*, where always let him ſtay
With his *Perithous*, whom well I ſee
Prefer'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his hate;
We both have ſuffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My Brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my Siſter falſly ran away;
And left expos'd to ev'ry Beaſt a prey.
A Warlike Queen to thee thy being gave,
A Mother worthy of a Son ſo brave,
From cruel *Theſeus* yet her death did find,
Nor though ſhe gave him Thee, could make him kind.

Unwedded

Unwedded too he murthered her in ſpight,
To Baſtardize and Rob thee of thy Right:
And if to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of *Phædra's* fault:
Rather thou faireſt Thing the Earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt had dy'd of Mothers pains:
How canſt thou rev'rence then thy Fathers Bed,
From which himſelf ſo Abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and Son are notions, very Names
Of worn out Piety, in faſhion Then
When Old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of men:
But braver *Jove* taught pleaſure was no ſin,
And with his Siſter did himſelf begin.
Nearneſs of Blood, and Kindred beſt we prove,
When we expreſs it in the cloſeſt Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault ſhould be reveal'd;
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with praiſe ſhall (Crown
A Mothers kindneſs to a grateful Son.

No

No need at Midnight in the dark to ſtray,
T' unlock the Gates, and cry, my Love, this way,
No buſie Spies our pleaſures to betray.
But in one houſe, as heretofore, we'll live,
In publick kiſſes take; in publick, give:
Though in my Bed thou'rt ſeen, 'twill gain applauſe
From all, whilſt none have ſenſe to gueſs the Cauſe:
Only make haſte, and let this League be ſign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
Now where are all my boaſts of Greatneſs gone?
I ſwore I ne're would yield, reſolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's ſeldom in the right:
Now on my own I crawl, to claſp thy knees;
What's decent no true Lover cares or ſees:
Shame, like a beaten Souldier, leaves the place,
But Beauties bluſhes ſtill are in my face.
Forgive this fond Confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome pity on my ſuff'rings take.

What

What though 'midſt Seas my Fathers Empire lies?
Though my great Grandſire Thunder from the skies?
What though my Fathers Sire in Beams dreſt gay
Drives round the burning Chariot of the day?
Their Honour all in me to Love's a ſlave,
Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour ſave:
Joves Famous Iſland, *Crete*, in Dow'r I'le bring,
And there ſhall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus* ſake then hear and grant my pray'r,
So may'ſt thou never Love a ſcornful fair;
In Fields ſo may *Diana* grace thee ſtill,
And every Wood afford thee Game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, ſo may the Boar before thee fall,
So may the water-Nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their Sex deſpiſe, thy thirſt allay.
Millions of tears to theſe my pray'rs I joyn,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear eyes of Thine,
Think that thou ſeeſt the ſtreams that flow from mine.

DIDO

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

BY

Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas, *the Son of* Venus *and* Anchiſes, *having at the Deſtruction of* Troy, *ſaved his Gods, his Father, and Son* Aſcanius *from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long toſt with Tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the Shore of* Lybia, *where Queen* Dido, (*flying from the Cruelty of* Pygmalion *her Brother, who had Killed her Husband* Sichæus,) *had lately built* Carthage. *She entertained* Æneas *and his Fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in Love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt Favours. But* Mercury *admoniſhing* Æneas *to go in ſearch of* Italy, (*a Kingdom promiſed to him by the Gods,*) *he readily prepared to Obey him.* Dido *ſoon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other means to ingage him to ſtay, at laſt in Deſpair, writes to him as follows.*

SO, on *Mæander*'s banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful *Swan* ſings her own Elegy.

Not

Dido & Æneas

30
60
AUG

Not that I hope, (for oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affections to regain;
But having loſt what e're was worth my care,
Why ſhou'd I fear to loſe a dying pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor *Dido* muſt be left
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare
To ſeek a Land that flies the Searchers care.
Nor can my riſing Tow'rs your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built Walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that Land
Is yet to Conquer; but you this Command.
Suppoſe you Landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what Reception Foreigners would find.
What People is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To Vote Succeſſion from a Native Prince?
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you ſeek;
New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.
When will your Tow'rs the height of *Carthage* know?
Or when, your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?

If

If ſuch a Town, and Subjects you cou'd ſee,
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright;
Not holy Tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts perpetual Theme:
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
My ſelf I cannot to my ſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy Brothers with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou *Venus* offspring be,
Love's Mother cou'd not bear a Son like thee.
From harden'd Oak, or from a Rocks cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce *Tygreſs* come,
Or, on rough Seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a Tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:
Like that, whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.

Behold

Behold how high the Foamy Billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To Winter weather and a ſtormy Sea,
I'le owe what rather I wou'd owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from Heav'ns avenging Laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my Love, if thou wilt ſeek thy Fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the Tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be pow'r in Love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers Ships ſuſtain,
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the Main?
Which, were it ſmooth, were every wave a ſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken Vows of thoſe who falſly ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,
To vindicate the Juſtice of her State.

Thus, I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow:
And loſt my ſelf, would ſtill preſerve my Foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live to be the cauſe of mine!
Shou'd ſome avenging ſtorm thy Veſſel tear,
(But Heav'n forbid my words ſhou'd Omen bear,)
Then, in thy face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;
And my wrong'd Ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatning looks, think thou behold'ſt me
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair, (ſtare,
Then ſhou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;
What coud'ſt thou ſay, but I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſt away,
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy Son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in Seas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor Parent didſt thou bear,
(Smooth Stories all, to pleaſe a Womans ear)

Falſe

False was the tale of thy Romantick life;
Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife.
Left to pursuing Foes *Creusa* stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,
Sev'n Winters kept thee wandring on the Seas.
Thy starv'd Companions, cast a Shore, I fed,
Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.
To harbour Strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough; but oh too kind the rest!
Curst be the Cave which first my ruin brought:
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling eccho'd round the place,
The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my Funerals from below.
O Chastity and violated Fame,
Exact your dues to my dead Husbands name!

By Death redeem my reputation loſt;
And to his Arms reſtore my guilty Ghoſt.
Cloſe by my Palace, in a Glomy Grove,
Is rais'd a Chappel to my Murder'd Love.
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his Statue ſtands,
The pious Monument of Artful hands:
Laſt night, methought he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice with hollow voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.
She comes; thy Wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed,
Strong were his Charms, who my weak faith miſled.
His Goddeſs Mother, and his aged Sire,
Born on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
O ſuch he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his Love purſue.
But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:
And as my Fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted Lord was at the Altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody Brother's gain:

Friend-

Friendleſs, and follow'd by the Murd'rers hate,
To foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the Natives hands,
I bought the ground on which my City ſtands.
With all the Coaſt that ſtretches to the Sea;
Ev'n to the friendly Port that ſheltred thee:
Then rais'd theſe Walls, which mount into the Air,
At once my Neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they Arm;and round me Leagues are made,
My ſcarce Eſtabliſh'd Empire to invade.
To Man my new built Walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs Woman, and unskill'd in War.
Yet thouſand Rivals to my Love pretend;
And for my Perſon, would my Crown defend:
Whoſe jaring Votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou go'ſt away.)
Or to my Husbands Murd'rer leave my life;
That to the Husband he may add the Wife.

Go then; ſince no complaints can move thy mind:
Go perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods by whom thou art forſworn;
Who will in impious hands no more be born.
Thy Sacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather wou'd the *Grecian* fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come;
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The Babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And Periſh guiltleſs in his Mothers fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy Voyage does command;
Wou'd the ſame God had barr'd thee from my Land.
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at Sea ſo many years.
Where thy long labours were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe *Troy* wouldſt not repeat.
But *Tyber* now thou ſeek'ſt; to be at beſt
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: Perhaps it will
To thy Old Age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.

A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,
And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.
Here thou to *Carthage* may'ſt transfer thy *Troy*;
Here young *Aſcanius* may his Arms imploy:
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many Laurels home from Conquer'd Foes.
By Cupids Arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, Companions of thy way.
So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future Fortune ſtrive:
So may thy Youthful Son old age attain,
And thy dead Fathers Bones in peace remain,
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.
I am not born from fierce *Achilles* Line:
Nor did my Parents againſt *Troy* combine,
To be thy Wife, if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my Love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.

Our *Lybian* Coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from Tempests passengers may go.
But now with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,
And drive the floating Sea-weed to the Shore.
Leave to my care the time to Sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary Men wou'd be with ease content;
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are spent:
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my Love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not: know this, I will not suffer long,
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap thy *Trojan* Sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my Fate agree!
My Funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.

To

To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The Sword but enters where Love made the way.
But thou, dear Siſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their Urn attend.
Sichæus Wife, let not the Marble boaſt,
I loſt that Title when my Fame I loſt.
This ſhort Inſcription only let it bear,
"Unhappy *Dido* lies in quiet here.
"The cauſe of death, and Sword by which ſhe dy'd,
"*Æneas* gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd.

The

The Foregoing

EPISTLE

OF

DIDO

TO

ÆNEAS

By another HAND.

SO in unwonted Notes, when ſure to die,
The mournful Swan ſings her own Elegy.
I do not hope by this to change my Fate,
Since Heaven and you are both reſolv'd to hate.
Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no wonder now
That you diſdain me when I meanly ſue;

Dea

Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you reſolve to go,
And leave th' unhappy you have render'd ſo.
You and your Love, the Winds away muſt bear,
Forgot is all that you ſo oft did ſwear:
With cruel haſte to diſtant Lands you fly,
Yet know not whoſe they are, nor where they lie.
On *Carthage* and its riſing Walls you frown,
And ſhun a Scepter, which is now your own;
All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,
And fondly ſeek a fancied Diadem.
And ſhould you reach at laſt this promis'd Land,
Who 'll give its Power into a Strangers hand?
Another eaſie *Dido* do you ſeek?
And new Occaſions new made Vows to break?
When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,
And ſee your Streets with crowds of Subjects fill'd?
But tho' all this Succeeded to your mind,
So true a Wife no ſearch could ever find.
Scorch'd up with Loves fierce fire my Life does waſt
Like Incenſe on the flaming Altar caſt,

All

All day *Æneas* walks before my ſight,
In all my Dreams I ſee him every night:
But ſee him ſtill Ingrateful as before,
And ſuch as, if I could, I ſhould abhor.
But the ſtrong Flame burns on againſt my will,
I call him Falſe, but Love the Traytor ſtill.
Goddeſs of Love, thee all the World adore!
And ſhall thy Son ſlight thy Almighty power?
His Brothers ſtubborn Soul let *Cupid* move,
Teach me to hate, or him to merit Love!
But the Impoſtor his high Birth did feign,
(Tho' to that tale his Face did credit gain,)
He was not born of *Venus*, who could prove
So cruel, and ſo Faithleſs in his Love.
From Rocks or Mountains he deriv'd his Birth!
Fierce *Wolves* or Savage *Tygers* brought him forth!
Or elſe he ſprung from the Tempeſtuous Main,
To which ſo eagerly he flies again.
How dreadful the contending Waves appear!
Theſe winter ſtorms by force would keep you here.

The

The ſtorms are kinder and the Winds more true!
Let me ow them, what I would ow to you.
You'll ſhew your hatred at too dear a rate,
If to fly me, you run on certain fate.
Stay only till theſe raging Tempeſts ceaſe,
And breeding *Halcyons* all my fears releaſe.
Then you perhaps may change your cruel mind,
And will learn pity from the Sea and wind.
Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and ſeen?
And will you tempt the faithleſs Floods again?
Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be ſo,
Think, to what diſtant Countries you would go.
There's not one God who will that Veſſel bleſs,
Which lies, and frauds, and Perjuries oppreſs.
The Sea let every faithleſs Lover fear,
The Queen of Love roſe thence, and Governs there.
Still the dear Cauſe of all my Ills I love,
And my laſt words Heav'n for your ſafety move;
That your falſe Flight may not as fatal be
To you, as your diſſembled Love to me.

But

But in the Storm, when the huge Billows rowl,
(Th' unlucky Omen may kind Heav'n controul,)
Think what diſtracted thoughts will fill your ſoul.
You'll then remember every broken vow,
With horrour think on Murd'red *Dido* too.
My Ghoſt all pale and Ghaſtly ſhall be there,
With mortal wounds ſtill bleeding I'le appear.
Then you will own what to ſuch Crimes is due,
And think each Flaſh of Lightning aim'd at you.
Your cruel Flight till the next calm delay,
Your quiet paſſage will reward your ſtay.
I beg not for my ſelf, but do not joyn
The Guilt of your *Aſcanius* Death to mine.
What has your Son, what have your Gods deſerv'd?
For a worſe Fate were they from flames preſerv'd?
But ſure you neither ſav'd them from the Fire,
Nor on your ſhoulders bore your aged Sire;
But did Contrive that ſtory, to deceive
A Queen, ſo fond, ſo willing to believe.

Your

Your ready Tongue told many a pleaſing lie,
Nor did it practiſe firſt theſe cheats on me.
You by like Arts did fair *Creuſa* gain,
And then forſook her with a like diſdain:
I've wept to hear you tell that Ladies Fate,
My ſelf now juſtly more unfortunate.
'Tis to revenge theſe Crimes the Gods Engage,
And make you wander out your wretched Age.
A Shipwrack'd wretch I kindly did receive,
My Wealth and Crown to hands unknown did give.
Had I ſtop'd there, I had been free from ſhame,
And had not ſtain'd my clear and ſpotleſs Fame,
Heaven to betray my Honour did comply,
When thunder and black clouds fill'd all the Sky,
And made us to the fatal ſhelter fly.
The furies howl'd, and dire preſages gave,
And ſhrieking Nymphs forſook the guilty Cave.
I cannot live that Crime torments me ſo,
Yet full of ſhame to my *Sichæus* go.

In

In a fair Temple built by skilful hands,
A Sacred Image of *Sichæus* ſtands;
With ſnowy Fleeces dreſt, and Garlands Crown'd
From thence of late I've heard a diſmal ſound!
Four times he call'd me with a hollow Voice,
My looſn'd Joynts ſtill tremble at the Noiſe!
My deareſt Lord your Summons I obey,
'Tis ſhame to meet you makes this ſhort delay.
Yet ſuch a Tempter might the Crime excuſe,
His Heavenly Race, and all his ſolemn Vows!
The beſt of Fathers, the moſt pious Son!
Who could ſuſpect he, who ſuch things had done
So well had acted all the parts of Life,
Could have betray'd a Princeſs and a Wife?
Had he not wanted Faith, your ſelf muſt own
He had deſerv'd to fill my Bed and Throne.
In my firſt Youth what cares diſturb'd my peace
And my misfortunes with my years increaſe!
My Husbands blood was by my Brother ſpilt,
And ſtill his wealth Rewards the proſperous Guilt
Through

Through ways unknown a dangerous flight I take,
His ashes and my Native Soil forsake;
Here sheltred from my brothers Cruelty,
I bought this Kingdom, which I gave to thee.
My City did in Glory daily rise;
Which all my Neighbours saw with envious eyes.
And force against unfinish'd walls prepare,
Threatning a helpless Woman with a War.
Those many Kings, who did my Bed desire,
Now to revenge their slighted Love conspire.
Go on, my People are at your Command,
Give me up bound to some fierce Rivals hand:
Assist my Cruel Brothers black design,
Drunk with *Sichæus* Blood, he thirsts for mine.
But then pretend to piety no more,
The false, and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.
Ev'n those you snatch'd from *Troy's* devouring flame,
Are griev'd that from such hands their safety came.
A growing Infant in my Womb you leave,
Of your whole self, you cannot me bereave.

You kill not *Dido* only if you go,
The Guiltleſs and unborn you Murder too.
With me a new unkown *Aſcanius* dies,
Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his cries.
But 'tis the God Commands, and you obey,
Ah! would that he who now forbids you ſtay,
Had never led your ſhatter'd fleet this way!
And now this God commands you out again
T' endure another Winter on the Main!
Scarce *Troy* reſtor'd to all her Ancient State,
Were worth the ſeeking at ſo dear a rate.
Ceaſe then through ſuch vaſt Dangers to purſue
A place, which, but in Dreams, you never knew.
In ſearch of which, you your beſt years may waſt,
And come a ſtranger there, and old at laſt.
See at your feet a willing people lies,
And do not offer'd wealth, and power deſpiſe.
Fix here the Reliques of unhappy *Troy*,
And in ſoft peace, all you have ſav'd, enjoy.

But

But if new dangers your great Soul deſires,
If thirſt of fame your Sons young breaſt inſpires,
You'll frequent Tryals here for Valour find,
Our Neighbours are as rough as we are kind.
By your dear Fathers Soul I beg your ſtay
By the kind Gods who hither bleſt your way,
And by your Brothers dart, which all obey.
So may white Conqueſt on your Troops attend,
And all your long Misfortunes here take end.
So with his years may your Sons hopes increaſe,
So may *Anchiſes* Aſhes reſt in peace.
Some pity let a ſuppliant Princeſs move,
Whoſe only fault was an Exceſs of Love.
I am not ſprung from any *Grecian* Race,
None of my Blood did your Lov'd *Troy* deface.
Yet if your pride think ſuch a Wife a ſhame,
I'll Sacrifice my Honour to my flame,
And meet your Love by a leſs glorious name.
I know the dangers of this Stormy Coaſt,
How many Ships have on our ſhelves been loſt.

Theſe winds have driv'n the floating Sea-weed ſo,
That your intangled Veſſel cannot go.
Do not attempt to put to Sea in vain,
Till happier Gales have clear'd your way again.
Truſt me to watch the calming of the Sea,
You ſhall not then, tho' you deſir'd it, ſtay.
Beſides your weary Seamen reſt deſire,
And your torn fleet new rigging does require.
By all I ſuffer, all I've done for you,
Some little reſpite to my Love allow.
Time and calm thoughts may teach me how to bear
That loſs, which now alas 'tis death to hear.
But you reſolve to force me to my grave,
And are not far from all that you would have.
Your Sword before me, whilſt I write, does lie,
And by it, if I write in vain, I die.
Already ſtain'd with many a falling tear,
It ſhortly ſhall another colour wear.
You never could an apter preſent make,
'Twill ſoon, the Life you've made uneaſie, take.

But

But this poor breaſt has felt your Wounds before,
Slain by your love, your ſteel has now no power.
Dear Guilty Siſter, do not you deny
The laſt kind Office to my Memory;
But do not on my Funeral Marble joyn,
Much wrong'd *Sichæus* Sacred Name with mine.
" Of falſe *Æneas* let the ſtone complain,
" That *Dido* could not bear his fierce diſdain,
" But by his Sword, and her own hand was ſlain.

BRISEIS *to* ACHILLES.

BY

JOHN CARYL, Esq.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War of Troy, Achilles *having taken and Sack'd* Chrysium, *a Town in the* Lyrnesian *Country, amongst his other Booty, he took two very fair Women,* Chryseis, *and* Briseis: Chryseis *he Presented to King* Agamemnon, *and* Briseis *he reserved for himself.* Agamemnon *after some time was forced by the Oracle to restore* Chryseis *to her Father, who was one of the Priests of* Apollo: *Whereupon the King by violence took away* Briseis *from* Achilles; *at which* Achilles *incenst, left the Camp of the* Grecians, *and prepared to Sail home; in whose absence the* Trojans *prevailing upon the* Grecians, Agamemnon *was compell'd to send* Ulysses, *and others to offer him rich Presents, and* Briseis, *that he would return again to the Army: But* Achilles *with disdain rejected them all. This Letter therefore is written by* Briseis, *to move him that he would receive her, and return to the* Grecian *Camp.*

CAptive *Briseis* in a foreign Tongue (wrong.
More by her blots, than words, sets forth her
And

And yet theſe blots, which by my tears are made,
Above all words, or writing ſhould perſwade.
Subjects (I know) muſt not their Lords accuſe;
Yet prayers and tears we lawfully may uſe.
When raviſh'd from your Arms, I was the prey
Of *Agamemnons* arbitrary ſway;
I grant, you muſt at laſt have left the Field,
But, for a Lover, you too ſoon did yield.
A Warriers Glory it muſt needs diſgrace,
At the firſt ſummons to yield up the place.
The Enemies themſelves, no leſs than I,
Stood wondring at their eaſie Victory:
I ſaw their lips in whiſpers ſoftly move,
Is this the Man ſo fam'd for Arms, and Love?
Alas! *Achilles*, 'tis not ſo we part
From what we love, and what is near our heart.
No healing kiſſes to my grief you gave;
You turn'd me off, an unregarded ſlave.
Was it your rage, that did your Love ſuppreſs?
Ah, love *Briſeis* more, and hate *Atrides* leſs!

He is not born of a true Hero's Race,
Who lets his fury of his Love take place.
Tygers, and *Wolves* can fight: Love is the Teſt,
Diſtinguiſhing the Hero from the Beaſt.
Alas! when I was from your boſom forc'd,
I felt my body from my ſoul divorc'd;
A deadly paleneſs overſpread my face;
Sleep left my eyes, and to my tears gave place:
I tore my hair, and did my death decree;
Ah! learn to part with what you love, from me.
A bold eſcape I often did eſſay,
But *Greeks*, and *Trojans* too, block'd up the way:
Yet tho' a tender Maid could not break thrôw,
Methinks, *Achilles* ſhould not be ſo ſlow:
Achilles, once the thunderbolt of War,
The hope of Conquering *Greece*, and *Troy*'s deſpair,
Me in his Rivals Arms can he behold?
And is his Courage with his Love grown cold?
But I confeſs, that my neglected Charms
Did not deſerve the Conqueſt of your Arms;

Therefore

Therefore the Gods did by an eaſier way,
Our wrongs attone, and dammages repay:
Ajax with *Phœnix* and *Ulyſſes* bring
Humble ſubmiſſions from their haughty King:
The Royal Penitent rich Preſents ſends,
The ſtrongeſt Cement to piece broken friends.
When Pray'rs well ſeconded with Gifts are ſent,
Both mortal, and immortal Powers relent,
Twenty bright Veſſels of *Corinthian* Braſs,
Their Sculpture did the coſtly Mine ſurpaſs;
Seven Chairs of State of the ſame Art, and Mould,
And twice five Talents of perſwaſive Gold.
Twelve fiery Steeds of the *Epirian* breed,
Matchleſs they are for beauty, and for ſpeed;
Six *Lesbian* Maids (but theſe I well cou'd ſpare)
Their Iſland Sack'd, theſe were the General's ſhare;
And laſt a Bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)
At your own choice out of the Royal Line:
With theſe they offer me: But, might I chuſe,
You ſhould take me, and all their gifts refuſe:

But

But me and thoſe you ſullenly reject;
What have I done, to merit this neglect?
Is it that you, and Fortune joyntly vow,
Whom you make wretched, ſtill to keep them ſo?
Your Arms my Country did in aſhes lay,
My Houſe deſtroy, Brothers and Husbands ſlay:
It had been kindneſs to have kill'd me too,
Rather than kill me with unkindneſs now.
With Vows as faithleſs, as your Mother Sea,
You loudly promis'd, that you would to me,
Country, and Brothers, and a Husband be.
And is it thus that you perform your Vow,
Even with a Dowry to reject me too?
Nay, fame reports that with the next fair wind,
Leaving your Honour, Faith, and me behind,
You quit our Coaſts: Before that fatal hour,
May thunder ſtrike me, or kind Earth devour!
I all things, but your abſence can endure!
That's a diſeaſe, which Death muſt only cure.

If

If to *Achaia* you will needs return,
Leaving all *Greece* your ſullen rage to mourn.
Place me but in the number of your train,
And I no ſervile Office will diſdain:
If I'm deny'd the Honour of your Bed,
Let me at leaſt be, as your Captive led:
Rather than baniſh'd from your Family
I will endure another Wife to ſee;
A Wife, to make the great *Æacian* Line,
Like Starry Heaven, as numerouſly ſhine;
That ſo your ſpreading Progeny may prove
Worthy of *Thetis*, and their Grandſire *Jove*.
Let me on her an humble Hand-Maid, wait
On her, becauſe to you ſhe does relate.
I fear (I know not why) that ſhe may be,
Than to her other Maids, more harſh to me:
But you are bound to guard your Conquer'd ſlave,
And to maintain the Articles you gave:
Yet ſhould you yield to her imperious ſway,
Do what you will, but turn me not away.

But

But why ſhould you depart? the King repents;
The *Grecian* Army wants you in their Tents:
You conquer all, Conquer your paſſion too;
Or elſe with *Hector*, you will *Greece* undo.
Take Arms (*Æacides*) but firſt take me,
Your juſter rage let routed *Trojans* ſee.
For me begun, for me your anger end;
The fault I caus'd, let me have power to mend.
In this to me you may with Honour yield,
Rul'd by his Wife, *Oenides* took the field.
His Mothers Sacred Curſes him diſarm'd,
But by his Wive's more powerful Spells uncharm'd.
His armour once put off, he bucles on,
And fights and Conquers for his *Calidon:*
That happy Wife prevail'd, why ſhould not I?
But you that Title, and my Power deny:
Title and Power, and all ambitious ſtrife
Of being call'd your Miſtreſs, or your Wife,
I quietly lay down; but I muſt have
This Claim allow'd, to be your faithful Slave.

I by thoſe dread, ill-cover'd Aſhes ſwear,
(Alas their Tomb *Lyrneſian* Ruins are)
Of my dead Spouſe, and by each Sacred Ghoſt
Of my three Brothers honourably loſt,
Who for, and with their Country bravely fell;
By all that's awful both in Heaven, and Hell:
And laſt of all by thine own head, and mine,
Whom Love, though parted now, did ſometimes joyn,
That I preſerve my Faith entire and chaſte;
That I no foreign love, or pleaſure taſte;
That no aſperſion can my Honour touch;
O! that *Achilles* too could ſay as much!
Some think he mourns for me; But others ſay,
In Loves ſoft joys he melts his hours away;
That ſome new Miſtriſs with *Circean* Charms
Has lockt him up in her laſcivious arms,
And ſo transform'd from what he was before,
That he will fight for *Greece* or Me no more.
The Trumpet now to the ſoft Lute muſt yield:
To Midnight Revels, Marches in the field.

He

He whom of late *Greece*, as her *Mars*, ador'd;
He, on whoſe Maſſie ſpear, and glittering Sword
The fates, and death did wait, that mighty Man
Now weilds a Busk, and brandiſheth a Fan.
Avert it Heaven! can he be only brave
To waſte my Country, not his own to ſave?
And when his Arms my Family mow'd down,
Loſt he his ſting, and ſo became a Drone?
Ah! cure theſe fears; and let me have the pride,
To ſee your Javelin fixt in *Hector's* ſide.
O! that the *Grecians* would ſend me to try,
If I could make your ſtubborn heart comply:
Few words I'd uſe, all ſhould be ſighs, and tears,
And looks, and kiſſes, mixt with hopes, and fears:
My Love like lightning thro' my Eyes ſhould fly,
And thaw the Ice, which round your heart does lie:
Sometimes my Arms about your neck I'd throw;
And then imbrace your knees, and humbly bow:
There is more Eloquence in tears, and kiſſes,
Than in the ſmooth Harangues of ſly *Ulyſſes*:

That

That noiſie Rhetorick of a twanging tongue,
Serves but to lug the heavy Crowd along:
But Souls with Souls ſpeak only by the Eye,
And at thoſe Windows one another ſpy:
Thus, then your Mother Sea rais'd with the wind
More fierce, I would compoſe your ſtormy mind;
And my Love ſhining on my tears that flow,
Should make a Rain-bow, and fair weather ſhow.
So dreams my Love. Ah! come, that I may try,
If I can turn my Dream to Prophecy.
So may your *Pyrrhus* live to equalize
His Grandſire's years, his Fathers Victories.
Let me no longer pin'd in abſence lie;
Rather than live without you, let me die:
My heart's already cold, and death do's ſpread
His livid paleneſs o're my lively red.
My Life hangs only on the ſlender hope,
That your reviving Love your rage will ſtop.
If that ſhould fail, let me not linger on,
But let that Sword (to mine ah! too well known)

Me

Me to my Brothers, and my Husband ſend;
Your hand began, your hand the work muſt end.
But why ſuch Cruelty? come then, and ſave
Afflicted *Greece*, and me your humble Slave.
How much more decently might you imploy
Your ill ſpent Rage againſt *Neptunian Troy*!
Then furl your Sails, once more your Anchors caſt:
Leave not your Country, nor your honour blaſt.
But go or ſtay; with you I ought to move,
Made yours by Right of War, and Right of Love.

DEIANIRA TO HERCULES.

The ARGUMENT.

Deianira *having heard that* Hercules *was fallen in Love with* Iole *a Captive; and at the ſame time that he was dying by a poiſoned Shirt ſhe had preſented him with, and had been told would recover a loſt affection: betwixt diſdain and anger for the firſt, and grief and deſpair for the latter, ſhe writes the following Lines to her Husband.*

I'M pleas'd with the ſucceſs your Valour gave,
But grieve the Victor is his Captives ſlave.
This unexpected News ſoon flew to me,
And with your former Life does ill agree.

Continual Actions nor yet *Juno's* Hate,
Ne'er hurt whom *Iole* does Captivate:
Euryſtheus this, this did *Jove's* Wife deſign,
Laugh at your weakneſs, and theſe tears of mine;
But *Jupiter* hop'd better things when he
To make this Hero, made one night of three.
Venus has hurt you more by her ſoft Charms,
Than angry *Juno* that Imploys your Arms;
She by depreſſing you, rais'd you the more,
The other treads on you, whom you adore.
You've freed the World from troublers of mankind,
All things ſubmit to your Heroick mind:
You make the Seas ſecure, the Earth have reſt,
Your mighty Name fills both the Eaſt and Weſt.
Heaven, that muſt bear you, you did bear before,
When weary *Atlas* did your aid Implore.
Yet for all this, the greater is your ſhame,
If with mean acts you ſtain your Glorious Name.
You kill'd two *Serpents* with your Infant hand,
Which then deſerv'd *Joves* Scepter to Command.

Your

Your laſt deeds differ from your firſt ſucceſs,
The Infant makes the Man appear the leſs.
No Savage Beaſts, nor fiercer Enemies,
Cou'd conquer him, whom Love does now ſurprize.
Some think my Marriage a great Happineſs,
Being *Joves* Daughter, Wife of *Hercules*;
But as Extreams do very ill agree,
The Greatneſs of my Husband leſſens me;
This ſeeming Honour gives a mortal wound:
Amongſt our Equals Happineſs is found:
At home in quiet they their Lives injoy;
Tumults, and Wars, do all his hours imploy:
This abſence makes me ſo unfortunate,
I buy your Glory at too dear a rate.
I weary Heaven with Vows and Sacrifice,
Leſt you ſhould fall by Beaſts, or Enemies.
When you aſſault a *Lion*, or Wild *Boar*,
You hazard much, but I ſtill hazard more.
Strange Dreams and Viſions ſet before mine Eyes,
The dangers that attend your Victories.

Unhappy I to vain Reports give Ear,
Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear.
Your abſent Mother bluſhes ſhe pleas'd *Jove*,
Amphitryos abſent, and the Son you love.
I ſee *Euryſtheus* has contriv'd your Fate,
And will make uſe of *Juno*'s reſtleſs hate.
This I could bear, did you love none but me,
But you are Amorous of all you ſee.
Yet *Omphale* does now inrage me more,
Than all the Beauties you admir'd before.
Meanders Streams have ſeen thoſe ſhoulders wear
Rich Chains, that Heav'n as a ſmall Weight did bear.
But were you not aſhamed to behold
Thoſe Arms weigh'd down with Jewels, and with (Gold,
That made the fierce *Nemean Lyon* dye,
And wore his Skin to ſhew the Victory?
When like a Woman you did dreſs your hair,
Lawrel had been for you a fitter wear.
As wanton Maids, you thought it was no ſhame
To wear a Saſh to pleaſe your haughty Dame.

Fierce

Fierce *Diomedes* was not in your mind,
That fed his bloody Horſes with mankind:
Did but *Buſiris* ſee this ſtrange diſguiſe,
The conquer'd would the Conqueror deſpiſe.
Anteus would retrieve his Captive State,
And ſcorn a Victor ſo Effeminate.
Among the *Grecian* Virgins you ſit down,
And ſpin, and tremble at a Womans frown?
A Diſtaffe, not a Scepter fills that Hand,
That Conquer'd all things, and did all Command.
Then in her preſence you do trembling ſtand,
And fear a blow as death, from her fair hand;
And to regain her favour you reveal
Thoſe glorious Actions you ſhould then conceal.
How you that ſtrange and fruitful Serpent ſlew,
That by his wounds more fierce and ſtronger grew:
How when you fought, you never loſt the field,
But made great Kings and cruel Monſters yield.
And can you boaſt or think of things ſo great,
Now you wear Silks, and are with Jewels ſet?

Theſe actions and that Garb do diſagree,
So ſoft a dreſs do's give your tongue the lie.
Your Miſtreſs too puts on your Conqu'ring Arms,
And makes you ſtoop to her more pow'rful charms.
She wears your Robes to ſhew her Victory,
And is, what you once thought your ſelf to be.
Your glorious Conqueſt, and Illuſtrious Fame,
Give her renown, but you eternal ſhame.
All is to her, by whom you'r conquer'd, due;
Go now and brag of what remains to you.
Is't not a ſhame, that her ſoft Arms ſhould bear
The *Lions* rugged skin you once did wear?
Theſe ſpoils are not the *Lions* but your own,
The Beaſt you Conquer'd, you ſhe Overcome.
She takes your Club up in her feeble hand,
And in her Glaſs ſhe learns how to Command.
All this I heard: yet I could not believe
The ſad report, which cauſes me to grieve.
Your *Iole* is brought before my face,
I muſt be witneſs of my own diſgrace.

Whilſt

Whilſt I reflect on my unhappy Fate,
She makes her Entry in the Town in State.
Not as a Captive with her hair unbound,
Nor her dejected Eyes fixt on the Ground;
But cover'd o're with Jewels and with Gold,
As *Phrygia* once did *Hercules* behold;
And ſalutes all with as much Majeſty,
As if her Father had the Victory.
Perhaps to leave me is deſign'd by you,
True to your Miſtreſs, to your Wife untrue.
You'l be Divorc'd from me, and Marry her,
The Conquer'd muſt obey the Conquerour,
This fear torments me more than all the reſt.
And as a Dagger, wounds my troubled Breaſt.
I knew the time when you did love me more,
Than any ſhe whom you do now adore.
But oh! as I am writing, the news flies,
That by a poyſon'd Shirt my Husband dies.
What have I done, whither has Love drove me?
Is Love the Author of ſuch cruelty?

Shall my dear *Hercules* endure this pain,
And I, th' unhappy Cauſe, alive remain?
My Title to him, by my Death I'll prove,
And ſurely Death's an Argument of Love.
Meleager will a Siſter find in me:
Shall *Deianira* be afraid to die?
Unhappy Houſe! Uſurpers fill the Throne,
Whilſt the true Sovereign is eſteem'd by none.
One Brother waſts his Life in foreign Lands,
The other periſh'd by his Mothers hands,
Who on her ſelf reveng'd the Crime: Then why
Should *Deianira* be afraid to die?
Only this thing I beg with my laſt breath,
Not to believe that I deſign'd your death.
As ſoon as you ſtruck *Neſſus* with your dart,
His blood, he ſaid, would Charm a ſtraying heart.
In it I dipt the ſhirt, 'twas but to try:
O *Deianira* make, make haſte to die.

Adieu

Adieu my Father, Siſter too adieu!
Adieu my Country, and my Brother too!
Farewel this light, the laſt that I ſhall ſee,
Hyllus farewel, my dear I come to thee.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

BY

Mr. R. DUKE.

The ARGUMENT.

Acontius *in the Temple of* Diana *at* Delos, *(famous for the reſort of the moſt Beautiful Virgins of all* Greece) *fell in Love with* Cydyppe, *a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: He writes upon the faireſt Apple that could be procured, a couple of Verſes to this effect,*

"I ſwear by Chaſte *Diana*, I will be
"In Sacred Wedlock ever joyn'd to thee.

and

and throws it at the feet of the young Lady, She ſuſpecting not the deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promiſes her ſelf in Marriage to Acontius; *there being a Law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould Swear in the Temple of* Diana *of* Delos, *ſhould ſtand good and be inviolably obſerv'd. But her Father not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent Feaver, which* Acontius *endeavours to perſwade her was ſent from* Diana, *as a puniſhment of the breach of the Vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the Arguments, which on ſuch an occaſion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epiſtle.*

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no (more
For that's enough which you have Sworn (before.
Read it; ſo may that violent Diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeiſe,
Forget its too long practis'd Cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.

Why

Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do I fear,
As when you firſt did in the Temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim;
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame.
Shame lives with guilt, but you your vertue prove
In favouring mine, for mine's a Husband's love.
Ah! to your ſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th'Apple brought 'em dancing to your feet.
There you will find the Solemn Vow you made,
Which, if your health, or mine can ought perſwade
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great *Diana* to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave; nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the Fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallowed Shrine
A ſudden kind Auſpicious light did ſhine.

Her

Her Statue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid;
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it.
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign,
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,
Since Loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor nature gave me, nor has practiſe taught
The Nets with which young Virgins hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee I write by his Command,
He guides my Pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me, fear that I again offend.
Yet if my Love's my Crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my Guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.

Oh

Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy Love.
A thouſand ways to that ſteep Mountain lead,
Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which my Flames compar'd, the danger's ſmall.
The Gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet if we Mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yeild to me.
If all my Arts ſhould fail, to Arms I'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my Prayers deny:
I all thoſe Heroes mighty Acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this Illuſtrious Road.
I too——but hold, death the reward will be,
Death be it then——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.
Were you leſs fair, I'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious Courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous, as it ſelf, Inſpires;

Thoſe

Thoſe Eyes that all the Heavenly lights out-ſhine,
(Which Oh! may'ſt thou behold, and love in mine)
Thoſe ſnowy Arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the Vows you made, regard at all,
That modeſt ſweetneſs, and becoming Grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face,
Thoſe feet with which they only can compare,
That through the Silver flood bright *Thetis* bear:
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight.
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd Soul at reſt.
No wonder then if with ſuch Beauty fir'd,
I of your Love the Sacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all other ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my Love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty Slave.

With

With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
And lay the riſing Tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,
For all my Crimes, I'd gladly ſuffer there,
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouch ſafe to give.
Your Fetters too—But they alas are vain,
For Love has bound me, And I hug my Chain.
Your hardeſt Laws with patience I'll obey,
Till you your ſelf at laſt relent and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
He that can love ſo well, is worthy me.
But if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed Rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for my ſelf I plead.

Yet

Yet out it muſt,—'Tis this, 'Tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,
Her fatal Meſſenger the Goddeſs ſends.
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This Feaver does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſwage.
Forbear to make that lovely charming Face,
The prey to every envious diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
Let that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
Whoſe glowing flame did all beholders burn.
But let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
The ills that from *Diana*'s anger fall,
No greater torments light than thoſe I feel,
When you my deareſt, tendreſt part are ill.
For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rackt,
Whom different griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!

Sometimes my grief from this do's higher grow
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you.
Then great *Diana*'s witneſs, how I pray,
That all our Crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay!
Sometimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around 'em up and down I roam.
Till I your Woman coming from you ſpy,
With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
With ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad Ghoſt I ſteal
Cloſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
How you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain Phyſicians art accus'd.
He every hour (Oh, were I bleſt as he!)
Do's all the turns of your Diſtemper ſee;
Why ſit not I by your Bed ſide all day,
My mournful head in your warm boſom lay,
Till with my Tears the inward fires decay?
Why preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
And from your pulſe of my own health divine?

t oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
hom moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
rgetful as thou art of Heaven and me.
e that lov'd hand do's preſs, and oft does feign
me new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
hen his bold hand up to your arm does ſlide,
nd in your panting Breaſt it ſelf does hide;
iſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
r his officious care too great a Fee.
obber, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
nd the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
r they are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
hich falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you.
ake, take away thoſe thy Adulterous hands,
r know another Lord that breaſt Commands.
is true, her Father promis'd her to thee,
t Heaven and ſhe firſt gave her ſelf to me.
nd you in Juſtice therefore ſhould decline
our claim to that which is already mine.

This is the man, *Cydippe*, that excites
Diana's rage, to vindicate her Rites.
Command him then not to approach thy door,
This done, the danger of your death is o're.
For fear not, Beauteous Maid, but keep thy Vow,
Which great *Diana* heard, and did allow.
And ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before,
"'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain *Heifers* blood,
"That can allay the anger of a God.
"'Tis Truth, and Juſtice to our Vows, appeaſe
"Their angry Deities, and without theſe
"No ſlaughter'd Beaſt their fury can divert;
"For that's a Sacrifice without a heart.
Some, bitter Potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding Launce that works their cure
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious Parents weep,
Whom you in ign'rance of your promiſe keep?

Oh

Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,
And the whole progreſs of our Love reveal,
Tell her how firſt at great *Diana*'s Shrine,
I fixt my eyes, my wondring eyes on thine.
How like the Statues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemp'rately I gaz'd.
She will her ſelf when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the Amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe'll ſay, whom Heaven commends to thee,
He who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe ask from what deſcent I came,
My Country, and my Parents, and my name,
Tell her that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chooſe;
But were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my dreams *Diana* bad me write,
And when I wak'd, ſent *Cupid* to indite:
Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.

Then to our joys with eager haſt we'll move,
As full of Beauty you, as I of Love.
To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,
And with our Offerings at the Altar Bow.
A Golden Image there I'll Conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apples innocent deceit;
And write below the happy Verſe that came,
The Meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame;
" Let all the World this from *Acontius* know,
" *Cydippe* has been faithful to her Vow.
More I could write, but ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And wracks thy tender Limbs with ſharpeſt pains
My Pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Althô for me too little, yet too much for thee.

CYDIPPE

Her Anſwer to

ACONTIUS.

BY

Mr. *BUTLER.*

IN ſilent fear I read your Letter o're;
Leſt I ſhou'd Swear as I had done before!
Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t' engage
By my neglect the peeviſh Goddeſs Rage:
In vain I deck her Shrine, her Rites attend,
The partial Goddeſs ſtill remains your Friend.
A Virgin rather ſhou'd a Virgin Aid,
But where I ſeek Relief I am betray'd!
I languiſh, and the Cauſe of my Diſeaſe
As yet lies hid, no Medicine gives me Eaſe.

In how much pain do I this Letter write!
To my weak Hand my ſicklier thoughts indite:
What anxious fear alas afflicts me too,
Leſt any but my truſty Nurſe ſhou'd know!
To gain me time to write, the door ſhe keeps,
And whiſpering tells the Viſitants, *She Sleeps.*
Worſe ills I could not for your ſake ſuſtain,
Tho' you had merit equal to my Pain.
Your Love betrays, my Beauty proves my Snare,
I had been happy had I ſeem'd leſs Fair:
Whilſt with your Rival you contend to raiſe
My Beauty's Fame, I periſh by your Praiſe:
Whilſt neither will admit the others Claim,
The Chaſe is hinder'd, and both miſs the Game.
My Nuptial day draws on, my Parents preſs
The Sacred Rites, my blooming years no leſs
But whilſt glad *Hymen* at my door attends,
Grim Death waits near to force me from his Hands.
Some call my Sickneſs Chance, and ſome pretend
The Gods this Lett to croſs my Nuptials ſend;

Whilſt

Whilſt by ſeverer Cenſure you are gueſt,
By *Philtra*'s, to have wrought upon my Breaſt.
If then your love ſuch miſchief can create,
What Miſery is reſerv'd for her you Hate!
Wou'd I to *Delos* ne're had found the way,
At leaſt not found it on that fatal Day!
When in our Port our Anchors firſt we weigh'd,
Th'unwilling veſſel ſtill i' th' Harbour ſtay'd;
Twice did croſs winds beat back our flagging Sails,
Said I, croſs winds? no! thoſe were proſp'rous Gales!
Thoſe winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd
Our Ship, and thoſe that oft our paſſage ſtay'd.
Yet I to ſee fam'd *Delos* am in pain,
And fondly of each hindring blaſt complain.
By *Tenos* Iſle, and *Mycone* we Steer'd,
At laſt fair *Delos* winding Clifts appear'd;
And much I fear leſt now the *Fairy* Shore
Shou'd vaniſh, as 'tis ſaid t'have done before.
At night we Land, ſoon as the day return'd
My platted Treſſes are with Gems adorn'd,

Then

Then to attend the Sacred Rites we go,
And pious Incenſe on each Altar throw,
My Parents there at their Devotion ſtay;
My Nurſe and I through all the Temple ſtray;
We view each Court, and each, freſh wonder brings;
Pictures, and Statues, Gifts of Ancient Kings.
But whilſt into theſe Rarities I pry'd,
I am my ſelf by ſly *Acontius* ſpy'd.
Thence to the inmoſt Temple we remove,
The place that ſhould a Sanctuary prove.
Yet there I find the Apple with this Rhime—
Ah! me, I'd like to have Sworn the ſecond time!
The Name of Wedlock I no ſooner read,
But through my Cheeks a troubled bluſh was ſpread.
Why didſt thou cheat an unſuſpecting Maid?
I ſhou'd have been intreated, not betray'd:
Is then the Goddeſs bound to take thy part?
And ratifie an Oath without the heart?
The will conſents, but that was abſent there;
I read indeed the Oath, but did not ſwear.

Yet

Yet cannot I deny that I ſuſpect
Diana's Rage this ſickneſs do's inflict;
Glad *Hymen* thrice did to our Courts repair,
Thrice frighted fled to find Death planted there.
Thin Cov'rings on my Feaveriſh Limbs are ſpread,
My Parents mourn me as already Dead.
What have I done to merit this diſtreſs,
That read but words whoſe fraud I cou'd not gueſs!
Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my ſuff'rings ſpring,
T'appeaſe the Goddeſs Rage thine Off'rings bring.
When will thoſe hands that writ the fatal Rhime,
Bear Incenſe to remove my Pain, thy Crime!
Nor think that thy rich Rival tho' allow'd
To Viſit, is of greater Favours proud.
By me he ſits, but ſtill, juſt diſtance keeps,
Reſtleſs as I, talks ſeldom, often weeps:
Bluſhing he takes a kiſs, and leaves a tear,
And once his Courage ſerv'd to Cry—My Dear.
But from his arms ſtill by degrees I creep,
And to prevent diſcourſe pretend to ſleep.

He

He finds, but wou'd his ſenſe o'th' flight diſguiſe,
He checks his Tongue, but chides me with his Eyes.
With grief he waſtes, and I with Feavers pine,
'Tis we that ſuffer, but th'Offence was thine.

You write for leave to come and ſee me here,
Yet know your former viſit coſt me dear.
Why wouldſt thou hither come, thou canſt but ſee
The double Trophies of thy Cruelty.
My fleſh conſum'd, my Cheeks of bloodleſs hue,
Such as I once did in thy Apple view.
Shou'dſt ſee me now thou wou'dſt repent thy cheat,
Nor think me worth ſuch exquiſite Deceit.
To *Delos* back with greater haſt wou'dſt go,
And beg the Goddeſs to releaſe my Vow.
On new deſigns thy fancy would'ſt imploy,
Contrive new Oaths the former to deſtroy.

No Means have been omitted to procure
My health, but ſtill my Feav'riſh fits endure.
We ask'd the Oracle what caus'd my pains?
The Oracle of broken Vows complains!

The

The Gods themſelves on your behalf declare:
What haſt thou done to merit this their care?
But ſo it is——and I at laſt incline,
Since that thou art their choice, to make thee Mine.
Already to my Mother I've declar'd,
How by your Cunning I have been inſnar'd.
I've done, and what I have already ſaid,
I fear is more than will become a Maid.
My thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite
No more, my feeble hand no more can write.
Nor need I more ſubſcribe, but this, Be True!
And (ſince it muſt be ſo) *my Dear Adieu*!

FINIS.

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A General Chronological History of France, beginning before the Regn of *Pharamond*, and ending with that of *Henry* the Fourth; containing both the Civil and Ecclesiastical Transactions of that Kingdom: Written by the Famous Monsieur *Megeray*, Historiographer of *France*.

THE THREE

EPISTLES

OF

Aulus Sabinus:

In Answer to as many of

OVID.

Made ENGLISH

BY

Mr. SALUSBURY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
AUG

THE PREFACE.

AUlus Sabinus *flouriſhed in the Reign of* Auguſtus, *and was contemporary with* Ovid. *He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Miſtreſs* Triſena: *Left ſome unfiniſh'd Poems of the Ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies. He alſo wrote ſeveral Epiſtles like* Ovid's; *and theſe particularly in anſwer to ſo many of that excellent Poet's, viz.* Hippolytus *to* Phædra, Æneas *to* Dido, Jaſon *to* Hypſipyla, Phaon *to* Sappho, Ulyſſes *to* Penelope, Demophoon *to* Phyllis, *and* Paris *to* OEnone, *Of all which the injury of time has deprived us; the three laſt excepted.*

The Learned Heinſius *ſpeaking of theſe*

three Epiſtles, *calls them a Treaſure; And indeed they expreſs ſo much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character ſo well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give an Engliſh Verſion of them: And that the rather, becauſe in all the late and beſt Editions of* Ovid's *Works, theſe* Epiſtles *of* Sabinus *are found inſerted.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 AUG

Epiſt.

EPIST. I.

ULYSSES TO PENELOPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ulysses *having received* Penelope's Epistle, *by this answer endeavours to clear her doubts, and calm her thoughts. He tells her with what Fortitude he had gone through the various hardships that had befaln him; and that having consulted* Tiresias *and* Pallas, *he was determin'd to return suddenly to* Ithaca, *but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in disguise. And as he is careful to magnify his Love, and Fears for her, and her extraordinary Constancy and Chastity: So he forgets not to tell her what he saw in* Elisium, *whither he went to consult* Tiresias.

CHance does at last let sad *Ulysses* see
The welcome Lines of his *Penelope*

So much thy known dear Characters did pleaſe,
That my long troubles found an inſtant eaſe.
If I am ſlow, 'tis only to relate
To thee my many wounds from angry Fate.
Well might the *Greeks* indeed have thought me ſlow,
When by feign'd Madneſs I delay'd to go:
Nor Will nor Power had I to leave thy Bed,
But to poſſeſs thy Charms from Honour fled.
You bid me come and never ſtay to write;
But adverſe Winds detain me from thy ſight.
Troy hinders not, a place once ſo rever'd,
In Aſhes now, no longer to be fear'd.
Hector and all her mighty men of Fame
Are now no more, are nothing but a Name.
By night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rheſus* ſlain,
I ſafely to our Camp return'd again:
Leading his warlike Horſes my juſt Spoil,
The Noble Triumph for the Victor's toil.
The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* ſafety lay,
My fortunate contrivance brought away.

AUG

Shut in that Horſe that prov'd the bane of *Troy*,
Unmov'd I heard *Caſſandra* cry, deſtroy
The Engine quick; the Foe your ruin ſeeks:
Burn, burn it quite, nor truſt the crafty *Greeks*.
To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lies
For his laſt Rites, his Funeral Obſequies:
Which action ſo the *Grecian* army warms,
For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.
But, what avails! the Sea has all engroſt!
My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions loſt!
Tho all things elſe Fate's Cruelties remove,
They have no power to ſhake my conſtant Love.
That ſtill endures, and triumphs over all;
Nor can by *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* fall.
To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail;
Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.
Not touch'd by *Circe's* Arts from her I fled;
Nay ſhun'd the proffer of a Goddeſs's Bed:
Each promis'd, ſo ſhe might become my Wife,
To give me deathleſs Joys, and endleſs Life.

Both I reject, and having thee in view,
My dangerous Travels chearfully renew.
Let not theſe Female Names beget new fears,
Alarm thy breaſt, nor drown thine eyes in tears:
What *Circe*, what *Calypſo* cou'd effect:
Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.
That you my open Soul may naked view,
I will confeſs, that I have fear'd for you.
When I was told how numerous a reſort
Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court;
All pale I grew, life left my outward part,
Scarce the retiring blood preſerv'd my heart.
Beſieg'd by preſſing youthful Lovers round,
Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roſes crown'd,
My growing doubts to wild diſorders haſte;
Ah! can I think ſhe ſtill is mine, and chaſte!
If me ſhe wept, her Charms wou'd not be ſuch:
Cou'd ſhe thus conquer, if ſhe ſorrow'd much?
Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
How well your chaſte your pious Arts deceive

Your

Your haſty Suitors, and procure delay,
By night undoing what you weave by day.
Yet fear I, leſt ſome buſie Lover's eyes
Thee at thy honeſt Artifice ſurpriſe.
Better by *Polyphemus* had I dy'd,
Than know thee ſacrific'd to Luſt and Pride.
Better to *Thracian* Arms have faln a prey,
Whilſt there as yet my wandring Navy lay.
Or then have yielded finally to Fate,
When I return'd ſafe from the *Stygian* State.
'Twas there I ſaw, among th'immortal Dead,
My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.
She told his Houſe's troubles to her Son;
I griev'd ſhe thrice did my embraces ſhun.
There too the great *Proteſilaus* I met,
Who ſcorning Death, firſt of the *Grecian* Fleet
With Hoſtile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.
Now happy with his much prais'd Wife he roves
Fearleſs of change, through the *Eliſian* Groves:

Lamenting

Lamenting not he did ſo young deſcend;
Pleas'd with an Early ſince ſo Brave an end,
I ſaw, alas! nor cou'd from tears refrain,
The noble *Agamemnon* newly ſlain.
That mighty Chief, glorious and ſafe at *Troy*,
Eſcaping too in the *Eubean* Sea,
Where furious *Nauplius*'s horrid Arts had done
Such ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.
But whilſt, rejoycing for his ſafe return,
Atrides does his grateful Incenſe burn,
By impious hands his ſacred Blood is ſpill'd,
And by a thouſand Wounds the Prince is kill'd,
This tragick end had the great Hero's Life,
Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife;
Pretending Vengeance for his Amorous Crime,
To cover her's, ſtrikes firſt and murders him.
When Victory had bleſt the *Grecian* ſide,
And we our *Trojan* Pris'ners did divide,
Great *Hector*'s Wife and Siſter I refuſe,
And the old *Hecuba* do rather chuſe;

To

To her neglected Age I give my Voice,
Leſt Love might ſeem to mingle in the Choice.
No longer her in humane form we meet,
A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet,
Her enrag'd heart with grief and rancour burns,
And ſuddenly to a mad Bitch ſhe turns;
In barking, howles, and ſnarling now ſhe ends
The loud Complaints her wild Affliction ſends.
As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea
Start into Tempeſts at the Prodigy.
By dangerous Storms now am I rudely toſt;
Now wandering long in unknown Regions loſt.
But if the wiſe *Tireſias* can as well
Our future Joyes as Miſeries foretell;
The prophecy'd Diſaſters having paſt,
I enter on my kinder Fate at laſt.
Pallas now joyns me on an unknown Coaſt:
Safe led by her I can no more be loſt.
Pallas, whom now the firſt time I ſalute
Since *Ilium's* fall, pleas'd hears my humble ſuit.

What

What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought
By raſh *Oilides* bold and ſingle fault!
Not ev'n *Tydides* did the Goddeſs ſpare,
His Vertue too did our Affliction ſhare.
None could his Favour, or his Merit plead,
But all were puniſh'd for the impious Deed.
Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;
His beauteous Wife was ſtill a Counter-charm;
In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,
While ſhe is there his Paſſion to aſſwage.
Winds had no power his Kiſſes to reſtrain,
Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main.
Thrice happy I, did I but travel ſo,
For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.
But ſince *Telemachus* with thee I hear
Is ſafe, extreamly leſſen'd is my care.
Whoſe too raſh Voyage yet I needs muſt blame,
What ever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylos* claim.
Too weak th'excuſe ev'n of his Piety,
For vent'ring out in ſuch a dangerous Sea.

But

But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate
Is o're, and now I thy Embraces wait.
Alone I come; temper thy riſing Joy,
For all Exceſſes equally deſtroy.
Not open Force, but Management and Art,
The Gods foretell, will Victory impart.
Amidſt a Feaſt, and in the heights of Wine,
Perhaps my juſt Revenge I may deſign,
And make the ſcorn'd *Ulyſſes* nobler ſhine.
Swift fly the hours, and ſpeed that happy day;
And when arriv'd, for Ages let it ſtay:
That day! that ſhall reſtore Joys ſo long fled,
And all th'intrancing Pleaſures of thy Bed.

EPIST. II.

DEMOPHOON *to* PHILLIS.

By the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

Phillis, *the young Queen of* Thrace, *impatient of the too long abſence of her lately married Husband* Demophoon, *the Son of* Theſeus *King of* Athens, *had written him a very paſſionate Letter, intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love, and Deſpair. Which Letter* Demophoon *receiving, he returns this Anſwer. Wherein owning all her kindneſs, he ſhews he loves her with an extream paſſion; and that he has no thoughts of any other love: tells her, that the diſorders of his Family, requiring more time to re-ſettle than he expected, are the true and only cauſes of his ſtay. He gently blames her doubts, and her impatience; handſomly excuſes himſelf; promiſes an inviolable Conſtancy, and that his Affairs ſettled, he will certainly return.*

WHilſt this is from recover'd *Athens* ſent,
Can I forget the Aid my *Phillis* lent?
No other Torch has Hymen held for me,
Ah! were I happy now as when with thee!

Theſeus

Theſeus (whoſe Noble Blood your mind did move
Much leſs than your own free unbiaſs'd love)
Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne,
But Death has put the bold Uſurper down.
Theſeus, who did an equal glory ſhare
With great *Alcides* in the toils of War,
When the brave Heroes, with united ſtrength,
Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.
Theſeus, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd ſlain,
Did of an Enemy a Father gain.
Cou'd ſuch a Prince, cou'd ſuch a Parent be,
Without a Crime, abandon'd left by me?
This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon*'s charge;
On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.
You preſs, he cries, for the fair *Thracian*'s Charms,
And all your courage ſoften in her Arms.
Swiftly the while Occaſion flies away,
And our diſaſters grow by your delay.
Our Fathers Fate, had you made haſt on board,
You had prevented, or with eaſe reſtor'd.

Shou'd

Shou'd *Athens* leſs to you than *Thrace* appear,
Or why a Woman more than both be dear?
Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now
With equal anger bends her wrinkled brow;
That her Son's hands cloſe not her aged eyes,
On my delay with feeble wrath ſhe flies.
I ſilent ſtand, while me they both accuſe;
Nor on their anger, but thy abſence muſe.
Methinks this moment ſtill I hear 'em ſay,
While on thy Coaſt my ſhatter'd Navy lay,
To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,
On board, and ſpread thy Canvas to the Wind.
By what, hard *Demophoon*, art thou ſo took!
To thy loſt Country, and thy Father look.
Phillis you love, her your example make,
Her Country ſhe for Love will not forſake.
Begs your return, but with you will not ſtir;
And does a barb'rous Crown to yours prefer.
Yet in the midſt of all, how oft I pray'd,
By adverſe winds to be ſtill longer ſtay'd!

Oft

Oft when I parting did embrace thy neck,
I bleſt the Storms that did our parting check.
Nor to my Father will I fear to own
What e're for my ſweet *Phillis* I have done;
That I avow, or he the ſtory hear,
Is owing to the merits of my Fair.
I'le tell him freely that I cou'd not leave
Thy dear embraces, but my Soul muſt grieve.
What rocky breaſt from ſuch a Wife cou'd part,
But weeping eyes wou'd ſpeak his ſinking heart!
The Ships ſhe might deny, ſhe does beſtow,
And only bids they be a little ſlow.
Nor can he chuſe but pardon ſuch a Crime.
Bright *Ariadne's* not ſo loſt in him:
Up to the Stars when e're he caſts his Eyes,
He ſees his ſhining Miſtreſs in the Skies.
My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forſook,
Tho' by a God ſhe forcibly was took.
Shall my ill Fate too, *Phillis*, be the ſame?
Enquire the cauſe, nor me unjuſtly blame.

Take this ſure Pledge for *Demophoon*'s return,
His heart for you, for you alone does burn.
Is't poſſible you ignorant can be
Of the diſaſters of my Family?
I mourn a Parent's Fate, involv'd in ſnares:
And oh that nothing elſe employ'd my cares!
My Soul laments a Noble Brother dead;
Torn by his frighted Horſes as he fled.
Not to excuſe returning have I told
Some of the many cauſes that with-hold
Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's crime,
That I ſtill beg of thee a little time.
Declining *Theſeus* I muſt firſt inter:
Honour will that to every thing prefer.
That done, for which my prayers I do repeat
For leave, to *Thrace* I inſtantly retreat.
I am not falſe, but ſtill adore thy Charms;
Nor do I think I'm ſafe but in thy Arms.
Not War, nor Tempeſts, ſince the fall of *Troy*,
Cou'd me in my return ſo much annoy

May every Joy Love can, or Fortune give,
For ever with my Charming *Phillis* live.
The Winds now bear my words; my Perſon they
I hope ſhall ſafely to thy Arms convey:
There to repeat another Nuptial day.
My Wiſhes are with thee: and that I pauſe,
My Duty, and my Honour are the Cauſe.

EPIST III.

PARIS TO OENONE,

By the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

The forſaken Nymph OEnone *having written to* Paris, *to perſwade him to return again to her Embraces, and to ſend back the Fair* Grecian *to her Husband:* Paris *in this Epiſtle, endeavours to extenuate his fault; laying the blame ſometimes on Fate and Fortune, and ſometimes on the force of Love. With gentle words he tryes to mitigate her Affliction; and concludes adviſing her to exert her utmoſt Skill in Magick (for which ſhe was famous) to procure quiet to her ſelf, by reviving his Paſſion for her, or by extinguiſhing her own.*

WHilſt you of me ſo juſtly, Nymph, complain,
I ſeek for plauſible replyes in vain.
I own

I own my fault, confeſs my broken Vows,
Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.
May this acknowledgment procure thee reſt,
And calm the Tempeſts of *OEnone*'s Breaſt.
I *Cupid*'s Slave his Orders but obey,
Deſerting thee for charming *Helena*.
Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move
My firſt young Wiſhes, and my bloom of Love.
My Glorious Birth then troubled not our Joy;
Love and our Flocks did all our thoughts employ.
If talk of Greatneſs mingled with our ſport,
I ſwore *OEnone* might adorn a Court.
Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee ſmile
Love; whom to Reaſon what can reconcile?
When you from *Pan*, and from the Satyrs fled,
To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,
Was it your Reaſon then you did purſue?
Or kept you ought beſide your Love in view?
My preſent Paſſion is from Fate; for e're
I did of *Leda*'s Beauteous Daughter hear,

Inſpir'd *Caſſandra* did foretel the thing,
Paris ſhall *Helena* to *Ilium* bring.
In every circumſtance too well you ſee
Th' event has juſtifi'd her propheey;
Except thoſe wounds of mine, which yet remain,
To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.
Still I remember ſweet *OEnone's* fear,
When firſt we did the ſtrange prediction hear.
Melting in Tears——Ah then, will Fate remove
Her *Paris* from the loſt *OEnone's* Love!
Muſt he ſuch Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring!
Be found a Prince thus to involve the King:
Love taught me threatned dangers to deſpiſe:
And Love equipt me for my Enterpriſe.
To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;
The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.
Againſt his Pleaſure what can Mortals ſay,
Whoſe Pow'r th'immortal Gods themſelves obey?
When Mighty *Jove* the fire of *Cupid* burns,
Into a thouſand various ſhapes he turns.

Europa's

Europa's Bull, and *Danae*'s Golden ſhower,
Put each a Lovely Virgin in his Power.
Not Charming *Helen* (cauſe of all thy care)
Had been ſo wondrous, ſo divinely Fair,
Had not Great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,
And cheated *Leda* with a ſeeming Swan.
O're *Piny Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle flies,
With his lov'd *Ganimed* to diſtant Skies.
The Valiant *Hercules*, ſo fierce and bold,
For *Omphale*, did a weak Diſtaff hold:
Clad like a Maid he ſat him down to ſpin,
And Conqu'ring ſhe put on the Lyon's Skin.
Your ſelf *Apollo*'s proffer'd Love decline,
And ſhun a God's Embraces to be mine.
Not that a Shepherd with a God can vye,
But it ſo pleaſes *Cupid*'s Deity.
If my new Paſſion ſtill thy mind diſpleaſe,
Yet this at leaſt methinks might give thee eaſe;
That nothing in my Breaſt cou'd quench thy Love,
But the Bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:

Tho'

Tho' yet her boaſted Birth and Mighty Race
Enflame me leſs than her Enchanting Face.
I wiſh I had unskill'd in Beauty been;
Then Rival Goddeſſes I had not ſeen:
Not been obnoxious to great *Juno's* hate;
Nor Wiſe *Minerva* then ſhou'd irritate.
The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,
Binds me for ever *Citherea's* Slave.
She her Son's Darts will diſtribute around,
And give him Orders when and where to wound;
Yet is her ſelf oft wounded by his Dart,
The Wanton Boy ſpares not his Mother's Heart.
Mars to her Bed ſo often did reſort,
All Heaven at laſt was witneſs to their ſport.
Then to attract *Anchiſes* to her Arms,
Appears a Mortal with Celeſtial Charms.
What wonder Love ſhou'd have tranſported me,
When his own Mother *Venus* is not free?
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, Loves; can I,
On whom ſhe dotes from the Fair Princeſs fly?

I ſee the gathering Clouds from *Sparta* riſe,
And threatning Tempeſts thicken in the Skies.
The Angry Greeks with Armies menace us,
And Hoſtile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.
Let 'em come on, and fight us if they dare;
To keep this Beauty we accept their War.
Her Face, *OEnone*, 's ſo Divine a thing,
'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.
The *Grecian* Princes haſting all to Arms,
Enough evince (if you ſtill doubt her Charms.)
But her for whom they Fleets and Armies ſend,
With greater force the *Trojan's* will defend.
If any hope *OEnone* you retain,
Of ever freeing me from *Helen*'s Chain,
Quick to thoſe powerful Herbs and Arts repair,
By which thou rul'ſt in Heaven, Earth, Sea, and Air.
Not *Phebus* ſelf is learneder than thee,
Scarce are the Gods from thy ſtrong Magick free.
Thou by the mighty workings of thine Art,
From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canſt part:

Call

Call down the Moon, the Sun's swift motion stay,
Protract the darkness, and arrest the day.
As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came
Fierce Lyons, made by thy Enchantments tame;
Swift *Simois* and *Xanthus* Christal wave
Forbore to flow, when your Commands you gave.
Your Father *Cadres* Waters too submit;
Nor slighe thy Charms, since all acknowledge it.
Now, wisest Nymph, exert thine utmost Art,
Quench thy own Fires, or kindle my Heart.

FINIS.